

THE

MAGAZINE

Elks



JANUARY 1943

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In the letter below, the Adjutant General extends his appreciation and thanks to the subordinate lodges for their part in the Army Air Forces' recruiting campaign.

AG 341 (11-19-42)PR-I

IN REPLY
REFER TO

**WAR DEPARTMENT
SERVICES OF SUPPLY
OFFICE OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL
WASHINGTON**

VLS:mek

November 25, 1942.

Mr. James R. Nicholson, Chairman,
Elks War Commission,
292 Madison Avenue,
New York, New York.

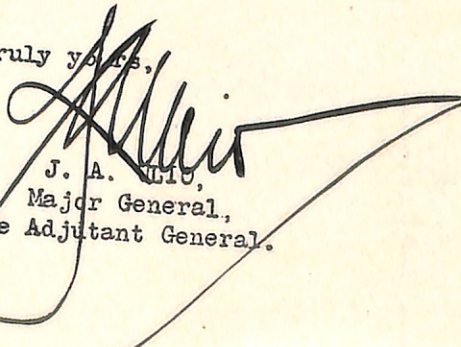
Dear Mr. Nicholson:

The recruiting campaign for specialists for the Army Air Forces which was recently concluded brought highly satisfactory results. The original objective was greatly exceeded and the Commanding General of the Army Air Forces was very much pleased at the prompt manner in which an urgent need was met. The part played by the Elks War Commission in assisting in the organization of civilian committees was an important factor in the success of this campaign.

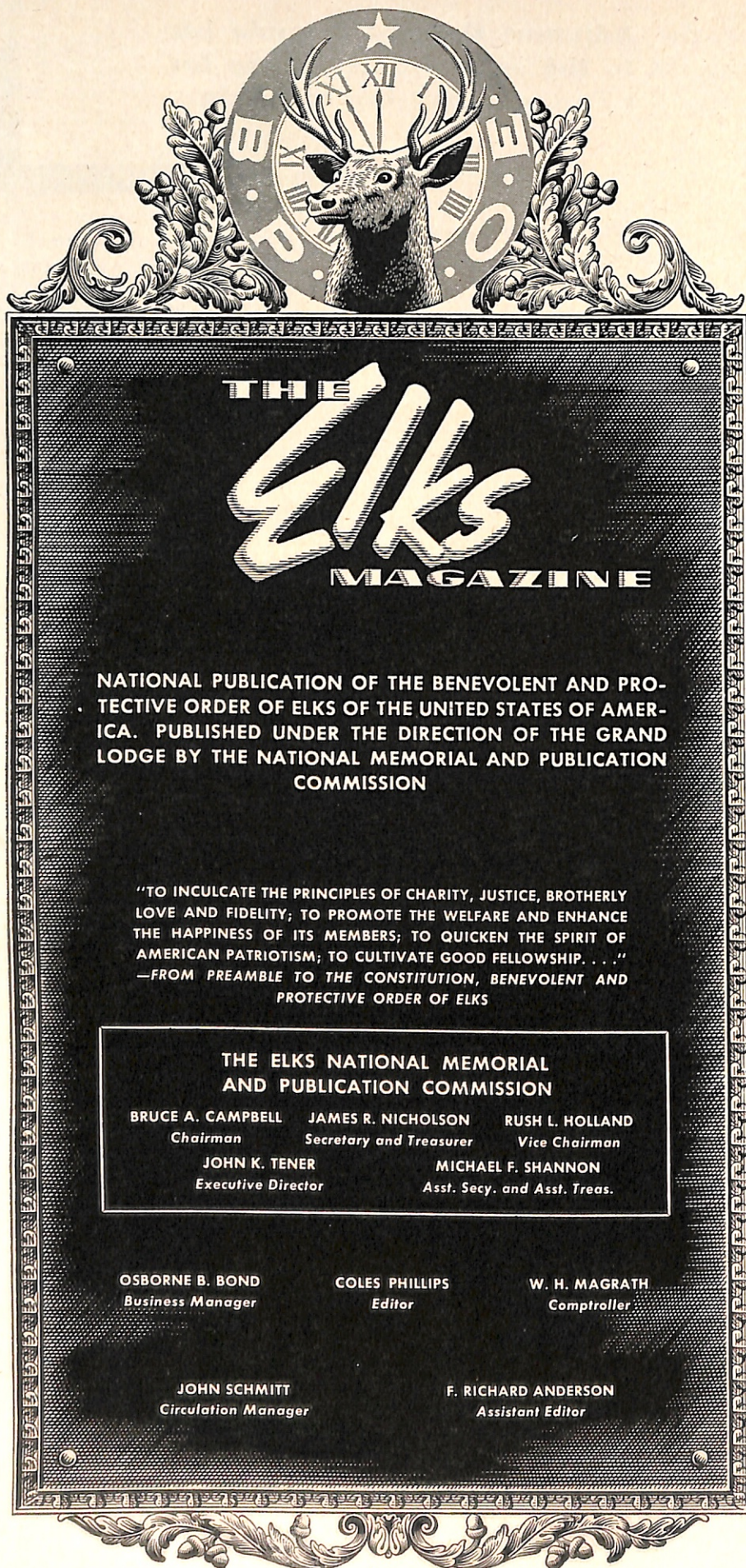
This brings to mind the splendid work the Elks War Commission has done in the campaign for aviation cadets. Your Commission was one of the first civilian organizations to get behind this program and you rendered invaluable assistance at a time when it was most needed. The success of any recruiting campaign is to a large extent dependent upon the thoroughness with which it is planned and organized and the enthusiasm with which it is conducted. The fourteen hundred subordinate lodges working under your direction cooperated with the Recruiting and Induction Service in this program in an enthusiastic and effective manner. I should appreciate it if you will convey to them my thanks for the patriotic and generous support which they have rendered.

At the present time, one of the most important missions of the Recruiting and Induction Service is the procurement of auxiliaries for the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. Any assistance which your organization can render in this connection will be greatly appreciated. Local committees are being organized in most of the large communities and I feel sure that the Elks will be among the first to volunteer for service with these local organizations.

Very truly yours,


J. A. Ellis,
Major General,
The Adjutant General.





JANUARY 1943

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DIAMOND JUBILEE CLASS



"JOLLY CORKS"

Grand Lodge of Elks

1868



1943

A Personal Message From The Grand Exalted Ruler

In celebration of the 75th Anniversary of the founding of our Order, the month of February has been set aside for the initiation of the Diamond Jubilee Class.

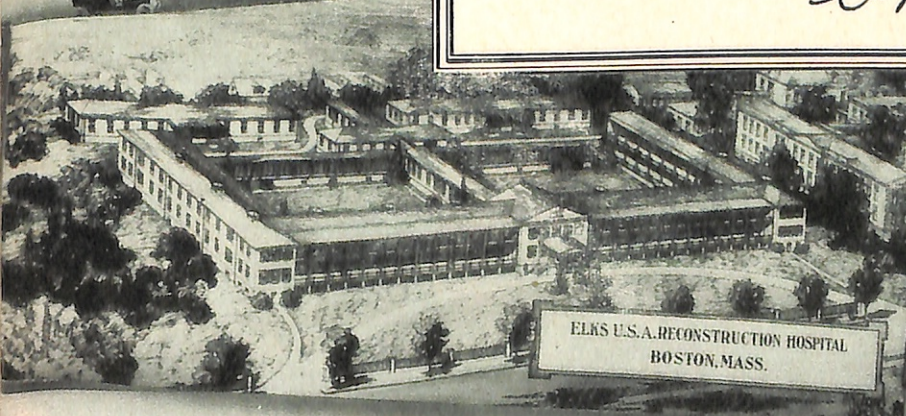
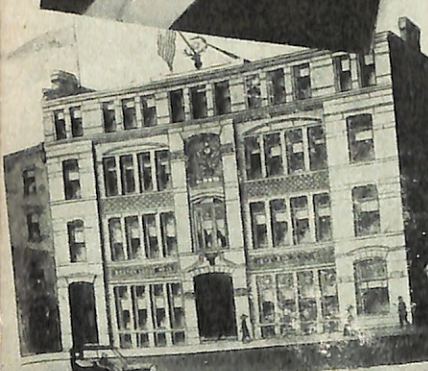
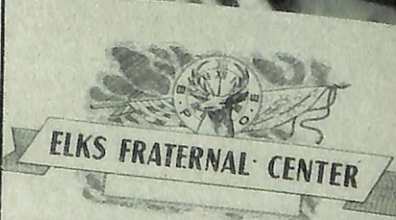
Today, with Elkdom splendidly represented in our armed forces—fighting for our sacred liberty in far-flung parts of the world—and Elkdom at home writing illustrious new pages in the service record of our Order, let us spread even wider our noble doctrines that others may join with us in rendering service to our fellow men.

My Brothers—let us take full advantage of this historic occasion! Bring in a new member or a reinstatement for the Diamond Jubilee Class in February!

For—more than ever before—America Needs Elkdom.

Fraternally yours,

E. Mark Sullivan



Cadman received the D. S. O. for the Service his Unit had rendered. He would rather it had gone to Sultan, his falcon

WAR BIRD

By Paul Annixter

EIGHTEEN inches from claw to crown he stood in the first wash of morning sunlight, eighteen inches of living lightning, with a scimitar-shaped wing-span of full three and a half feet; strong with twice the strength of an ordinary bird of his size and imbued with a fiery spirit to match it; swift with a swiftness beyond that of any flier save the brown bat; inscrutable, despotic, haughty with a pride beyond human conception, and wise with something of the secret wisdom that comes from the soundless stratosphere beyond the clouds. His livery was an arresting ash-blue and gold, a color that somehow symbolized his speed and his deadliness, and his royalty, too.

He was a very large falcon, not an ordinary falcon, or duck-hawk, but a prince of his species, the royal peregrine, to give him his full official title.

Moveless as a graven image he sat, his hard gold-brown eyes from under their fierce brows staring straight into the sun. Those eyes more than anything else showed him to be noble. His powerful shanks, heavily booted with feathers, gave him the look of a swashbuckling adventurer of old, a caricature further carried out by the thin dark markings on either cheek, like the lines of a curving black moustache. Beneath, the cruel oversized feet showed, covered with ridged yellow armor, their black razor-edged talons capable of slashing through the toughest hide. His extremely long wings, whose tips reached down below the end of his tail, enveloped his form like a mantle.


Since sunrise he had been sitting there on the topmost branch of the dead tree that had been erected in the huge park cage. It was his invariable habit, for nothing but death

can keep the eye of any falcon closed after the dawn pink flushes the east. A brisk breeze had risen and the falcon had turned like a weathervane to face squarely into it. This was the hour at which he had been wont to take his morning workout in high sky in the land across the sea from which he had recently come. He began to preen the long flight quills of his wings, drawing them through his beak and smoothing the ruffled filaments. And after these were all airworthy he preened his tail feathers in the same way, and carefully cleaned his breast and toes. Then he shook himself and opened and lifted his pointed vanes in instinctive joy to plane the wind, his head thrust forward, his fierce beak half opened in a sort of ecstasy. Oh, how he longed to launch into the high blue lanes of the air. It took a spirit utterly dauntless forever to hope and prepare for flight that could never be consummated. None but the truly noble could keep in that prime condition, caged with a score of dilapidated and spiritless cell mates.

Once, but only once, the falcon forgot himself to the point of leaping into the air for an instant with a harsh, broken scream, but thereafter he did not break dignity again. For people were beginning to collect below, the first of the idle crowds that drifted daily through the great park. The gold-brown eyes of the prince, bright and hard like glass, stared out from under his overhanging brows with a grim defiance. That dull world outside the wires of his cage, that hated, gaping, inquisitive world he ignored as always by staring into the burning eye of the sun.

But one there was among the humans below who had seen and understood that unthinking uprush of the Quill Spirit within him. Lieutenant Hugh Cadman, V. C., D. S. O., M. C.,





Illustrated By
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The small dark men in the planes were different, too, the falcons saw, as they swooped close to gaze with hard, angry eyes.

until lately retired from service, had been watching the falcon daily for a week, and for good reason. The young falcon's number was up and though he did not know it, he was soon to be inducted into the U. S. Army.

Lieutenant Cadman had been a bird trainer by hobby since boyhood and was now military falconer extraordinary attached to the Army's Pigeon Breeding and Training Center. Cadman's V. C. and M. C. had been won in the final year of the World War when alone in a British pursuit plane he had engaged twenty-six German planes behind the Hindenburg lines, bringing down nine of them before he ran out of ammunition and had to speed back to his own base with twelve wounds in his body, most of them in his right leg and hip, which left him a lame man for the balance of his life. The D. S. O. had been conferred on him by proxy, so to speak, for the remarkable performance of the fifty war pigeons which had been under his care and training—specially trained carriers whose remarkable sense of direction had been unshaken even amid the chaos of storm and shell fire. The citation had stated that more than ninety per cent of the missions entrusted to his birds had been successfully carried through. Cadman came nearer by far to sentimentality over that citation than over his M. C. and V. C. combined.

He had been thirty-two that memorable year, so that when the trouble in the Pacific began it found him a lame gray-haired man of fifty-five who walked with a limp and a cane. Cadman had offered his services, but he was no longer of importance militarily speaking. Then one day he received an urgent call from Major James Territon of the Army Intelligence Department. Cadman's record, it appeared, had not been forgotten. Old "Holy" Territon, as he was dubbed, was checking up on that, in fact, as the Lieutenant entered the Intelligence Office. Pigeon squads, however, were not to play as important a part in the present war, at least so far as the Allied forces were concerned, though the enemy had been using them as messengers accompanying parachute troops. That was the first thing the Major barked in his bluff, excited manner, launching into the subject even before he motioned Cadman to a chair. He was a fierce, ruddy man of sixty with ice still in the blue of his eye, known as a fighter of the old school.

"The Department's been thinking

a good deal about other birds for the service," he said. "Hawks, for instance, falcons, kestrels and the like. My orders are to look into the matter. Now, sir, what good are hawks?"

Cadman was galvanized by the query—one of those startling flashes that are electric with prevision, and for a moment he was speechless. But only a moment. What good were hawks? The entire concept of a falcon squad from a military viewpoint broke suddenly over him and for two or three minutes his enthusiasm for his life hobby brought a rush of words from him, though he was normally a most reticent man. What good were hawks indeed? Major Territon finally cut him short with a raised hand and a jurisprudent chuckle.

"I see you get the idea, Lieutenant. Thought you'd be the man for us. Of course, this idea of harrying with falcons isn't orthodox, you

understand—a bit outside of military regulations, but darn it," his voice was tense and very human all at once—"I'm sick of regulations, Lieutenant. It'll not be the old worn regulations that'll win for us in this Pacific job—it'll be the breaking of them and the making of new. Now, in case the enemy were using other birds besides pigeons for couriers—what have you to say there?"

"A mere matter of training, sir," said Cadman with the quick finality of one who knows his hawks. "The falcons can be taught to take any strange bird they see, of whatever shape and size."

"Something the size of a heron, for instance, or an eagle? Asiatics, we understand, often use eagles as carriers."

"Size makes no difference, sir. If necessary two or more birds can be put on a quarry."

"Hmm." The Major sat back and lit a cigarette, eyeing Cadman quizzically for a moment.

"Hawks then, might even make it tough for the parachutists themselves, harrying, swooping and the like?"

"Regular dive-bombing tactics, Major, at close to three hundred miles an hour."

The Major snorted appreciatively. "There's one more point," he said. "War's different from falconry. In orthodox falconry, as I gather, the hawk strikes its prey to the ground, then stands by till the falconer arrives. That, of course, would never do in the case of intercepting enemy couriers. The messages would naturally have to come into our hands."

"That again would be a matter of training. The hawks would be taught to retrieve."

"And that leaves only one more thing to be said, sir," said the Major. "When can you begin work?"

"You might say I've already been at work on it for a year," smiled Cadman. "I've four trained hawks





The Unit was in for grim action, Cadman knew, when loosing the falcon for his first flight since leaving America.

among my own birds at home. They'll hasten the work appreciably. I should say a squadron of fifty or sixty well-trained birds should be constantly in reserve."

"All that will be up to you. You're to go ahead with an entirely free hand, just as you had in Flanders. And now, Lieutenant, will you do me the honor of having lunch with me?"

SO IT was that Cadman found himself commissioned once more to serve his country strangely and well, as he had in another crucial year at famous Pigeon Post in Flanders.

What he needed most to start with was a perfectly trained peregrine falcon as an example for the inexperienced birds he would soon collect about him. No other representative of the hawk family, he had found, had so ancient an association with man; no other had quite the peregrine's dash and fire. But peregrines were rare in America, even in captivity. Cadman began casting about, sending out requests to a few likely sources. And it was the very next day that he first saw Sultan in his cage.

In the first five minutes, Cadman, who had known scores of falcons, realized that he had never seen a nobler, swifter falcon than this. His trained eye could discern features which only an expert in falconry could have distinguished and what he saw made his blood leap and his heart thump in his ears. In those first minutes, too, the man's plans began to take form and he even chose the name by which the young falcon would be called should the bird come into his possession, as was the custom of falconers.

Cadman immediately got Sultan's history so far as it was known to the Park Commission. Six months before the bird had been shipped by request from England, one of the last of a long and noble line of peregrines whose eyrie had for centuries been upon an outcropping rock a hundred feet down a Devon sea precipice. Upon the progenitor of that line, so records had it, an English king had once conferred an earldom for sacrificial service.

On each of the five days following, Cadman studied the falcon. Meantime the strings of the Intelligence Department were being pulled and within a week Sultan was turned over to him.

In the first ten minutes of handling the bird he sensed its deep affinity with man, a bond which comes down through the blood of a thousand generations of falcons and which ripens into the strange love of bird for man, "which is like no other earthly love in its fierceness and constancy", as one ancient falconer has written. Cadman had never experienced the attachment of a falcon without a catch at his heart; a sense of a warrior's accolade to which he could scarcely hope to prove worthy. Only the most perfect falcons had it,

(Continued on page 50)

What America is reading



Here is our reviewer's commentary on fifteen of the most popular of the current books.

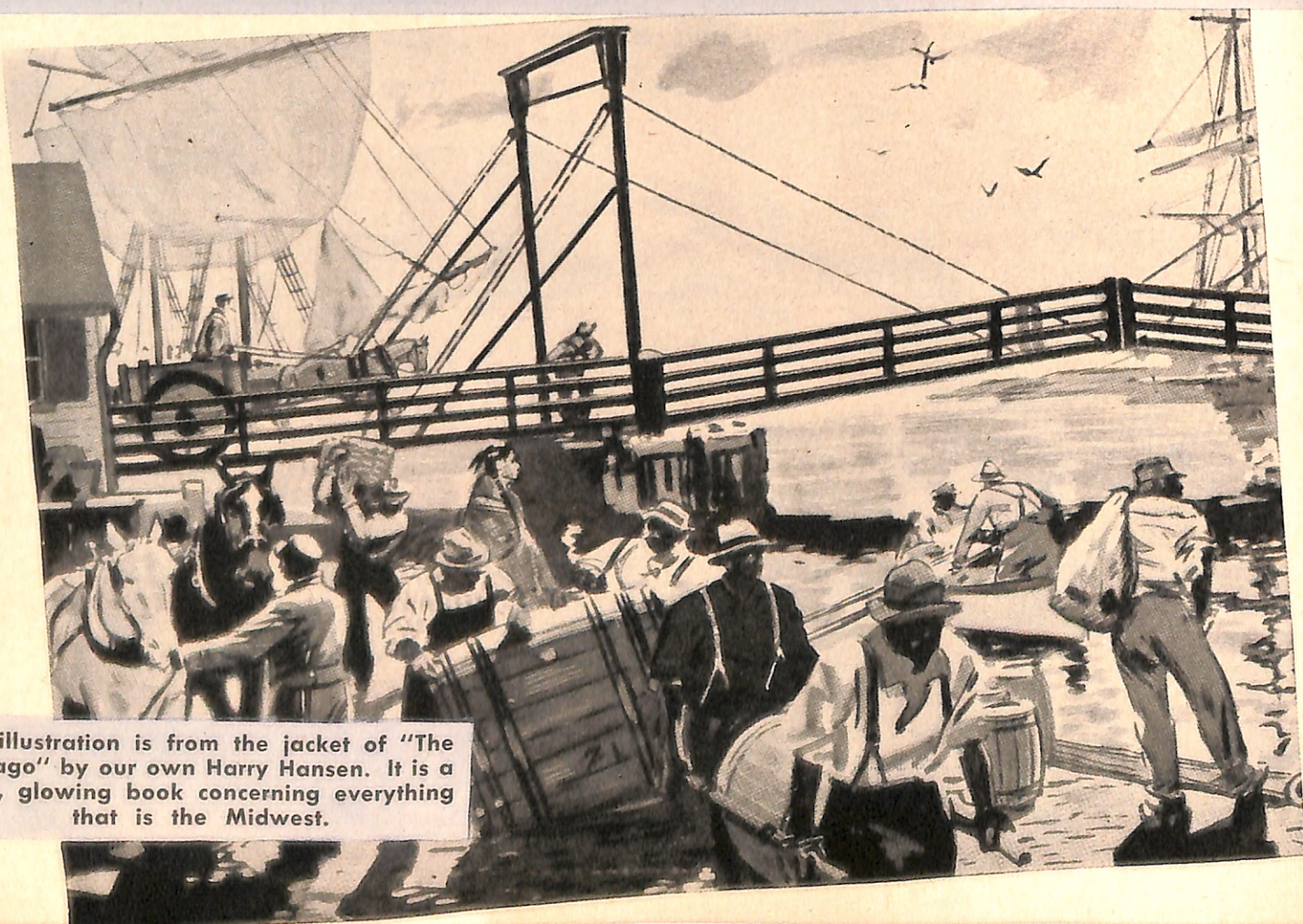
By Harry Hansen

ROBERT J. CASEY is the latest war correspondent to describe the naval fighting in the Pacific and he does so with a great deal of spirit in the book called "Torpedo Junction". He was ordered to accompany the fleet on the day Pearl Harbor was bombed and reached Hawaii when the damage was all too apparent. In January, 1942, he was assigned to a berth on a cruiser and from then on was at sea until after

the battle of Midway. The waters between Pearl Harbor and Midway are "torpedo junction" to him—in these seas the Japanese lost many strong units of their fighting fleet and the Americans saw the *Lexington* and *Yorktown* go down. Casey was also in the Wake Island expedition and observed a lot of aircraft action. In Hawaii rumors were still keeping everybody on the alert, but the most interesting story concerned a civilian named Roy Vitousek, who had a private plane and went aloft for a little airing the morning of Dec. 7, 1941, and found himself play-

ing tag with strange playmates. Avoiding destruction by a miracle, he landed on a bombed field without mishap during an interval between flights and announced to the astonished crew that the wreckage had been made by the Japanese, not by army practice planes, as they supposed. Casey kept a diary on his sea voyage and managed to set down his state of mind, his interest in all sorts of activities on board ship and the sensations of fighting a sea battle at long range. He is quite irritated because so many civilians and even

(Continued on page 46)



The illustration is from the jacket of "The Chicago" by our own Harry Hansen. It is a lusty, glowing book concerning everything that is the Midwest.

98% Purer



By Stanley Frank

THE chances are that very few people beyond a hundred-mile radius of the plants have heard of the basketball teams representing the Zollner Machine Works of South Bend, Ind., or the Grumman Aircraft Corporation of Farmingdale, Long Island. They merely happen to be two of the finest teams in the country this year.

These are new, strange names to the fans. Also, thrilling names to

millions of the Nation's forgotten fans. The fans who had to get their thrills vicariously because they had no personal, proprietary interest in a team, the backbone and bloodstream of competitive sports. Zollner and Grumman are only two of the dozens of first-rate industrial teams that have popped up in recent months and they are as typical of the war as the products they manufacture.

It is at once curious and contra-

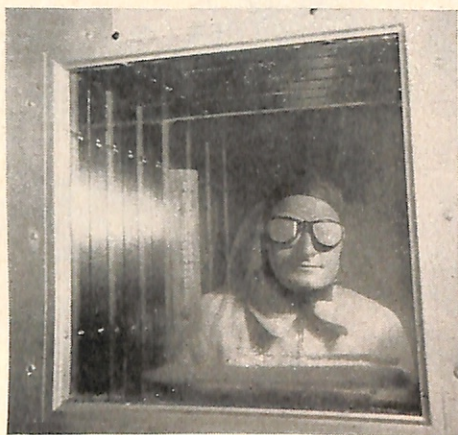
dictory that the war has taken Americans away from sports and, at the same time, has brought sports closer to Americans. This is one of those trick, paradoxical phrases that require explanation and you will not find us remiss in our obligation to the clients.

The winning of a ball game obviously is not as important now as winning a beach-head in the South

(Continued on page 39)

Here is the biography of our mammoth battleship of the sky, the great four-engined Flying Fortress.

By Philip Harkins



The author, Philip Harkins

"WE KNOCKED the hell out of them. The Flying Fortress will win the war."

This was not a solicited endorsement of a company's product. It was a simple but significant statement made by Lt. Jack Whidden, a Californian who had just piloted a Boeing Bomber back to its base after splintering the Jap fleet at Midway. Will this prophecy come true? Well, maybe it will and maybe it won't. But whether or not the Flying Fortress accomplishes that happy, Herculean task, the great plane itself will make history. "Make it?" Army Air Corps men would snort, "Make it? It's already made it!" So here's the story of the Flying Fortress that may some day rank with the famous frigate *Constitution* in our school history books.

Let's go back a few years to the days when wars were won in trenches.

William Boeing was a Seattle scion; Philip Johnson was a Seattle Swede. They got together in 1917 when the former's small airplane factory, a Boeing hobby, was overwhelmed with a Navy order for fifty planes, sea-planes that could roar over the ocean at 73 miles per hour! Boeing, Johnson and Clairmont Egtvedt who, like Johnson, had studied engineering at the University of Washington, worked long and hard to fill that huge Navy order.

When the bugles blew "Armistice", aviation went into a spin, soldiers and civilians went back to automobiles. Aviation seemed as esoteric as Surrealism, and fliers and engineers banded together like exiles talking up a lost cause in a foreign land.

Boeing Flying Fortresses straining at their blocks at March Field, California.

Aviation magazines of the early Twenties ran "ads" that called out messages of hope and encouragement to disillusioned Air Force veterans, urging them to keep in touch with aviation company representatives, to keep the flag flying—"Some day, you'll be needed again." It was one of the few accurate postwar prophecies but it had a hollow ring in aviators' ears as they scrambled for three meals a day.

In Seattle, Boeing bowed his head and manufactured bedroom suites in prosaic shades. It was a far cry from four-engined bombers flying through the stratosphere. The blight continued until 1927 when the little Boeing plant (which Governor Langlie of Washington never passes these days without tipping his hat) got the break for which it had been waiting: the U. S. Government awarded a contract to the Boeing Air Transport Company for the carrying of air mail on U. S. Air Mail Route No. 1, San Francisco to New York. For this, the first air mail route, Boeing designed and built the Boeing 40-B and subsequently the 40B-4, the first craft designed especially for the carrying of air mail and passengers. The order for building the 40-B series took Boeing Aircraft Company "out of the woods", financially speaking.

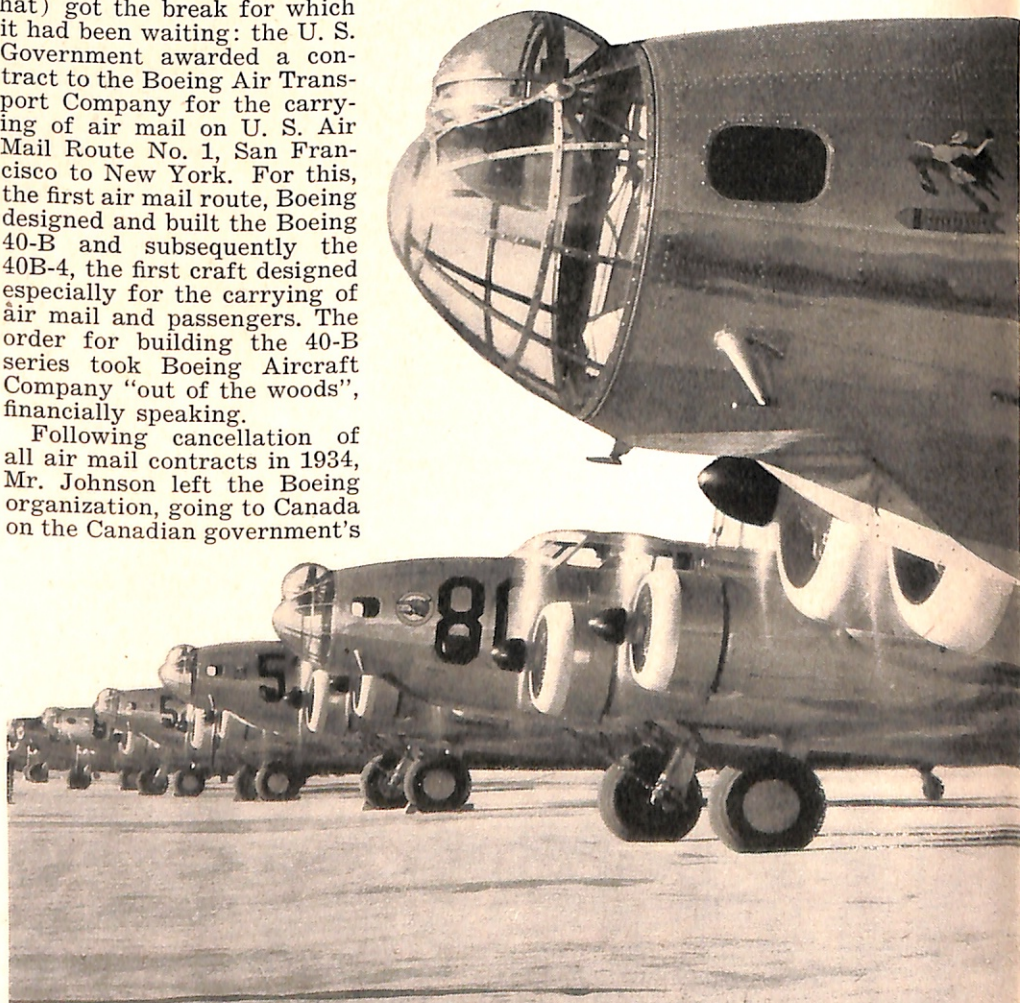
Following cancellation of all air mail contracts in 1934, Mr. Johnson left the Boeing organization, going to Canada on the Canadian government's

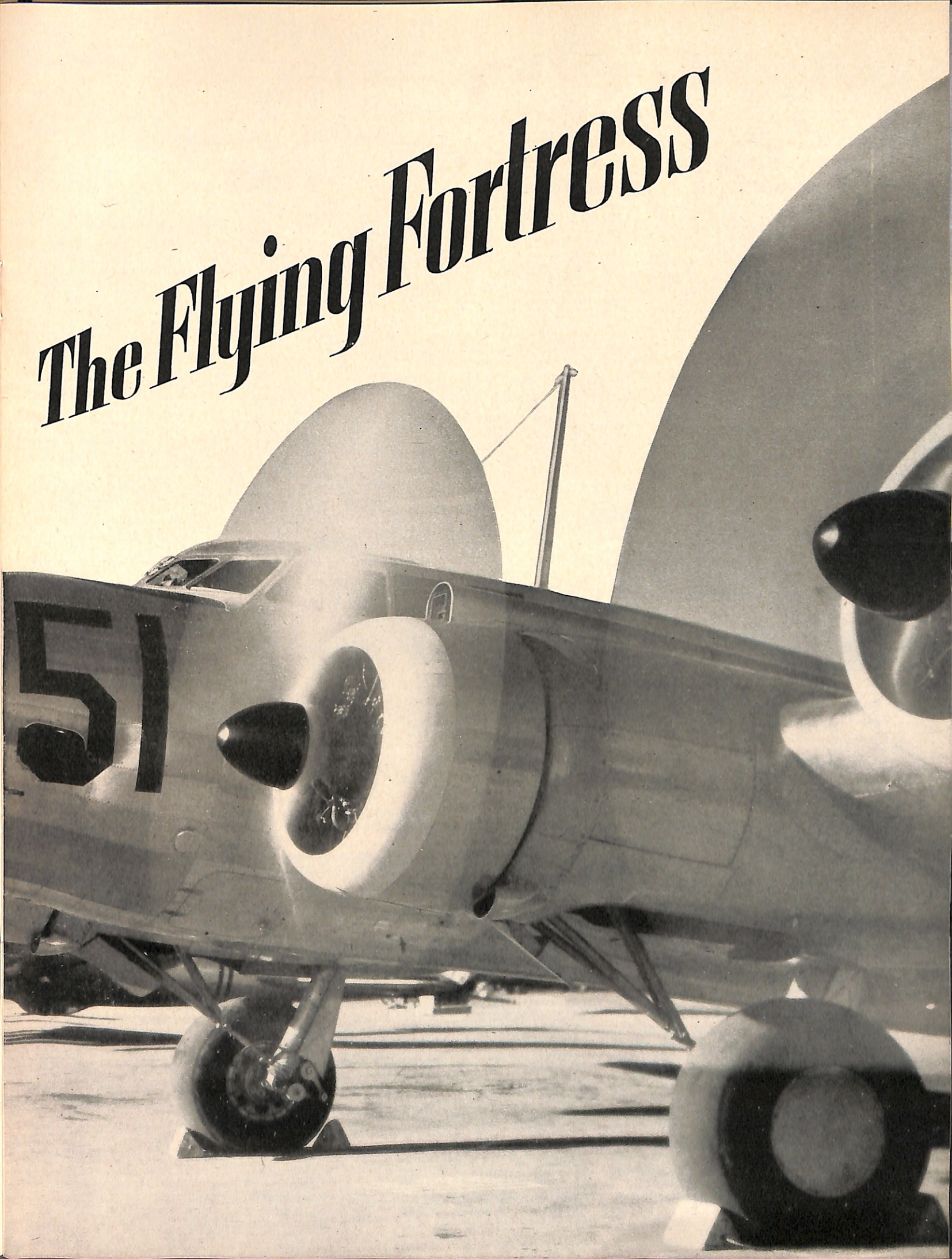
invitation, to establish the Trans-Canada Air Lines. Johnson was to return to Boeing just before World War II flared.

Clair Egtvedt frequently flew down to San Diego to spend the weekend chatting with his friend Admiral Reeves, Commander of Aircraft Squadrons of the Pacific Fleet. Unlike some Navy officers, Reeves was not so bound up in binnacles and barnacles that he couldn't see the wings for the waves.

During these times the two men discussed military strategy and instruments of warfare. The discussions centered on the uses of various naval vessels for specialized tasks. Reeves pointed out that the Navy's scouting vessel (cruiser), the fast destroyer and the battleship all had very strict limitations as to usefulness. Reeves held that the Air Force had nothing to offer in the way of a heavy load-carrying weapon that could be compared to the battleship. Moreover, he argued, and rightly so at that time, that the battleship was the backbone of the Navy and that it was the only vessel capable of delivering the final knockout blow.

Atlas Photo





The Flying Fortress



Press Association

Bombs from Flying Fortresses head for the German-occupied airport at Abbeville.

Mr. Egtvedt believed the Air Force should have types comparable to the Navy's surface ships. Naval aircraft at this time were ineffectual against surface vessels in most cases. The Navy's heaviest planes at the time were slow and cumbersome patrol bombers, which even so, carried a very small load when compared with modern heavy bombers. The heaviest carrier-based planes were the 90-mile-an-hour torpedo bombers, used mainly as torpedo planes, and secondarily as high-level horizontal bombers. Dive bombing was just coming into its own, with single-seat fighters doubling in this secondary duty when equipped with a 500-pound bomb.

The total weight of bombs that could be laid down by a Naval air unit was very small indeed when compared to the tons of destruction each Naval rifle shell carried. Added to this was the fact that the dive bomber had a very short range.

All of this caught Mr. Egtvedt's fancy, and like a true engineer who seeks the answer to everything, he tried to visualize an airplane that would, actually, "be to the Air Force what the battleship is to the Navy: a heavy, destructive, load-carrying,

long-range, self-protective weapon".

These talks with Admiral Reeves took place circa 1930. Mr. Egtvedt was in San Diego during trials of a new Boeing carrier fighter, and was having lunch with Admiral Reeves aboard what was then his flagship, the old *Langley*, tied up at North Island. Reeves was at the time Commander of Aircraft Squadrons of the Pacific Fleet.

Although no immediate result came from these discussions, they had made an indelible impression on Mr. Egtvedt, at the time vice-president and general manager of Boeing. During the next few years, much engineering data were gathered on the Boeing Monomail, the B-9 twin engine bomber, and the 247 transport. All of these ships were pioneers in the new field of stressed skin, cantilever monoplanes, which gave the Boeing Company a very definite edge over many other companies when it came down to actual practical experience in designing, manufacturing, and flying large all-metal planes. Actually, it might be said that all three of these pioneer airplanes were steps toward the 299, which emerged as the culmination of the Reeves discussions.

The 299 was a wholly private venture, financed and built by the Boeing Company on the belief that it would far outperform anything then

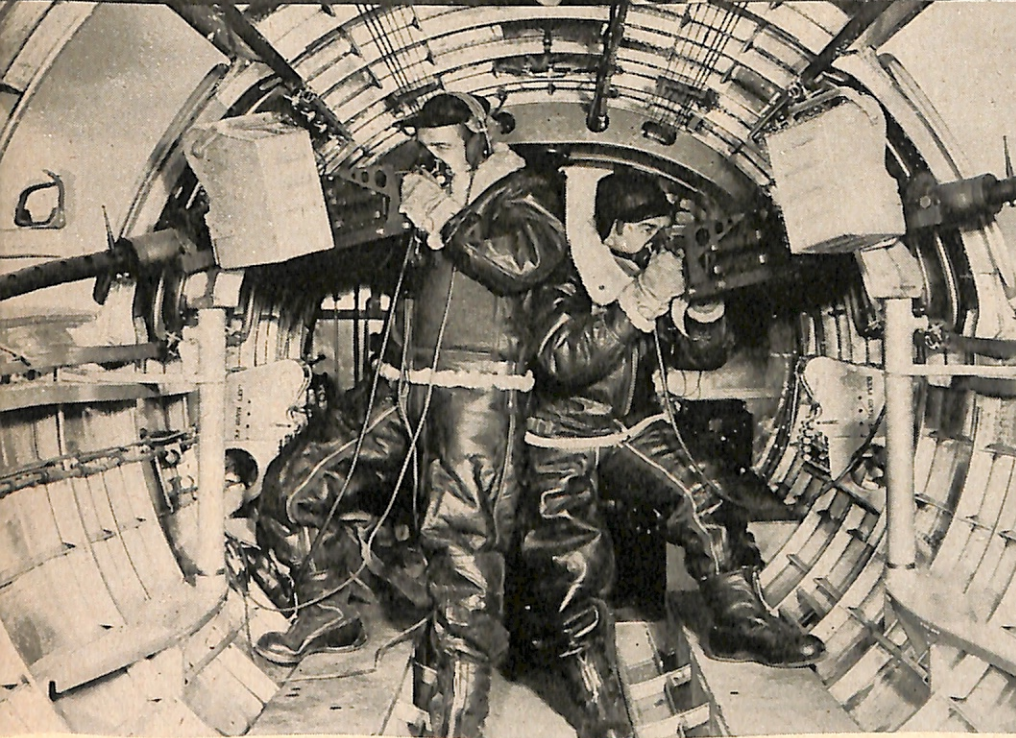
flying. The 299 was all-metal, had four 800 horsepower engines, and retractable landing gear. Up until this time, gun turrets largely consisted of a round Scarff ring, which stuck out in the breeze, and was only useful on the relatively slow types of aircraft. Boeing designed a new blister type gun turret, which permitted the air gunner to work protected from the 250-mile-an-hour slipstream. Boeing also developed its own bomb racks, which permitted various sizes of bombs to be loaded with no change in the rack itself. New control systems, with ingenious flaps and balances had to be devised to control a heavy and fast airplane of this type. Altogether there were perhaps 60 men assigned to this original Flying Fortress project. All of these things were innovations, Boeing-developed, financed and built. Boeing men thought so much of their idea, the design 299, that they virtually staked their fortune on the ship. The company coffers were at the low ebb of depression common to manufacturers throughout the nation. Mr. Egtvedt had confidence in this idea, and together with his engineering staff pushed it through to completion.

A battleship of the sea bristles with guns; so today does this battleship of the air. All told, 13 machine guns stick their lethal barrels out of the Fortress, creating a pretty picture

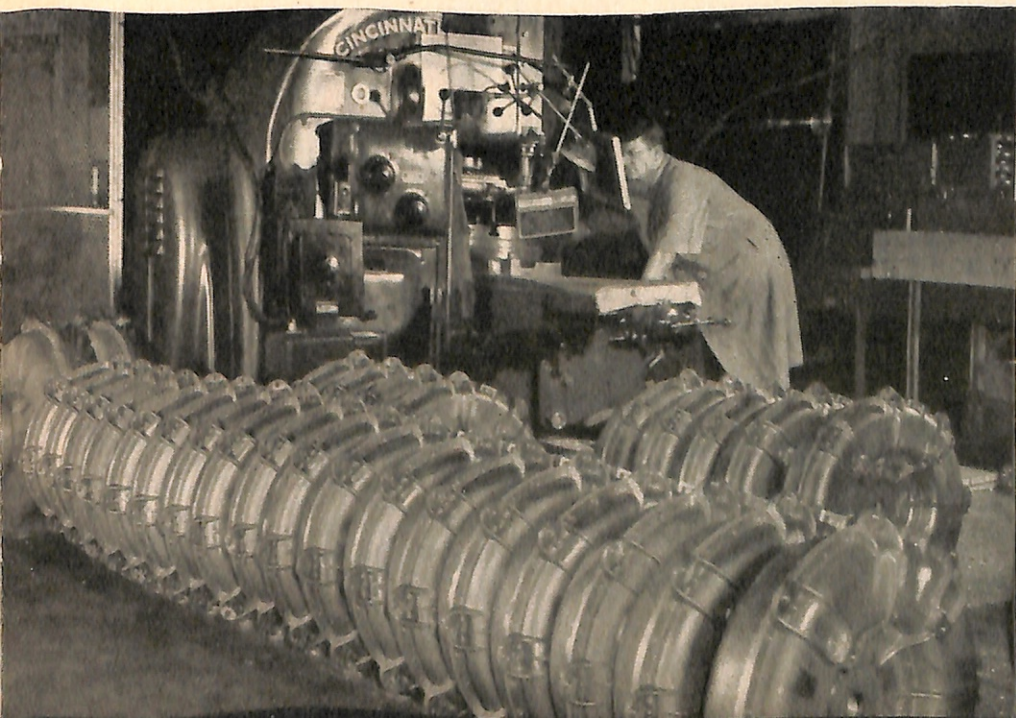


Dr. Sanford A. Moss, General Electric engineer, famous as the father of the turbosupercharger.

Center: Gunners in a Flying Fortress have numerous opportunities to prove the efficacy of their guns



Below: Turbosupercharger casings being turned out in one of the General Electric factories.



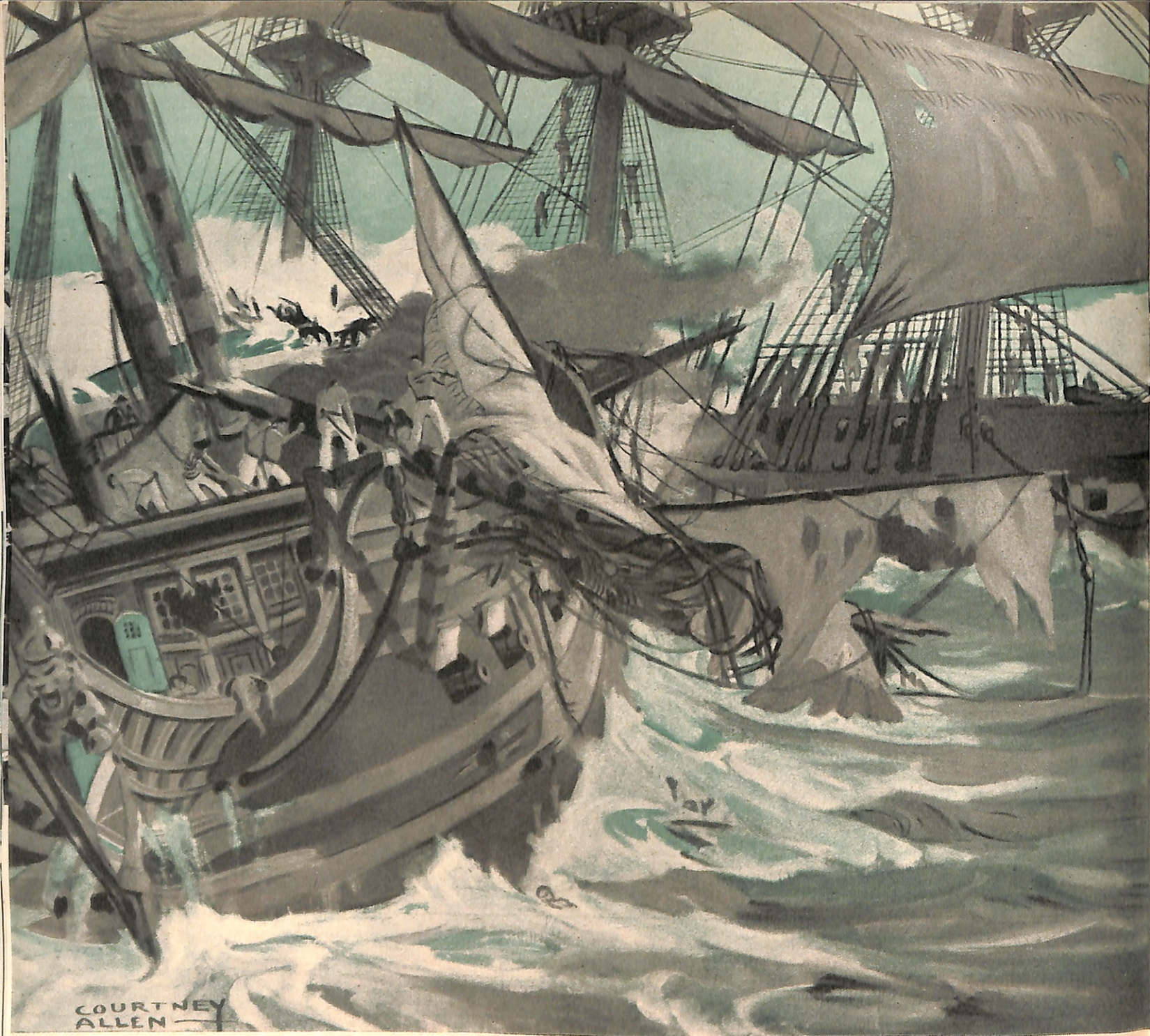
which the British labelled, "The Flying Porcupine". From its big translucent nose to its tremendous tail the Flying Fortress artillery lines up like this: one .30 calibre and three .50 calibre machine guns in the nose; two .50s in the turret behind the cockpit and another farther back atop the fuselage; two .50s for the isolated, courageous little fellow who is fitted up into the ball or belly turret as a bomb is fitted into its rack; two more .50s to guard the square "windows" in the Fortress sides and yet two more to make a deadly "stinger" out of its tail.

THE first Flying Fortress (to this day nobody knows who gave it that perfect name, but the advantages of alliteration were obvious) roared into the air at Seattle in 1935 and mechanics at the Boeing plant either cheered or simply got down on their knees and prayed, for their future depended on that colossus thundering East over the Rockies, heading for Dayton, Ohio, where other designers had assembled their wares before the critical eyes of the Air Corps officers.

The other planes, all bright and shiny and powerful were doing their stuff when the air at Wright Field was suddenly shattered by a noise no aviator present had heard before—the formidable, reverberating rumble of a four-engined bomber—heavy, hoarse, awe-inspiring. The Army Air Corps officers looked up into the blue sky and saw the Boeing entry, a graceful monster, silvery, deadly and—four-engined! Perhaps they had a premonition, as they stood there in their uniforms looking skyward, that this was the plane they would one day proudly call their own, their Flying Fortress. If they had that premonition it was to be reinforced a few minutes later when the Boeing Bomber landed and awed observers heard that in flying to the competition it had rung up a new record for a cross-country flight from Seattle, Washington, to Dayton, nine hours and twenty-seven minutes, fast time in those days.

There was an anti-climax. In the last test flight an Army pilot forgot to unlock the controls before taking off and the huge bomber cracked up in flames. But its performance previous to this mishap had satisfied the Army Air Corps; thirteen of the great planes were ordered; the Flying Fortress was on the way. Dramatically, ironically, an Admiral's dream had come true, and a few years later the battleship of the air was to reign supreme while the battleship of the sea sank into comparative obscurity.

(Continued on page 34)



PATRICK HENRY *and the*

THIS spirit of liberty must have wandered in Europe for a good many years before it came to America, but it came to America a long time ago, so long ago that my grandmother couldn't say who brought it here originally. And my grandmother had this story from someone else's grandmother, and she from another, and none of them could remember who brought the spirit of liberty to America.

But they all knew about Sam Adams and Benjamin Franklin and George Washington, and each of them when they had the spirit of liberty did great things. So Sam Adams started a fuss, and Benjamin Franklin nursed it, and George Washington got to be called the father of our country, all because at one time or another they had the spirit of liberty within them. As my grandmother said, without the spirit

of liberty they might have been just like you and me; but my grandmother couldn't say exactly what the spirit of liberty was, although she told me a lot about it.

Well, it seems that George Washington met Patrick Henry the day before Henry was to make a speech, and they shook hands and had a few words together, although Washington didn't think too much of him at the time—Patrick Henry being just



You may be sure that it wasn't too many days before a British boat was captured.

ry had something about him that made the spirit of liberty come back to him again and again. That was all well and good while he was alive, because he got around. You might say that there never was a time before or since when the spirit of liberty was spread so thoroughly. It did things, and all of a sudden there was a new nation with a lot of strange ideas about men being free.

Well, time passed; the Revolution was over and the new nation sort of settled down. And Patrick Henry began to get worried. By this time, he knew that the spirit of liberty was in him, and he began to think seriously about passing it on to somebody else. He began to think that soon he might die, and the spirit of liberty might die with him. It was enough to bring a man down with worry.

He could see that the spirit of liberty had been with him too long. Things weren't getting better; they were getting worse. The thirteen colonies were biting and snarling at each other like cats and dogs, and they were like to split apart and go up like dust. He got to traveling desperately up and down the

The spirit of liberty was part of Patrick Henry. His fear for its future was fortunately proved unfounded.

By Howard Fast

FRIGATE'S KEEL

a young upstart who was trying to be an orator. But the next day Patrick Henry rose and made a great speech, which ended, "—give me liberty or give me death." As my grandmother said, you could see right there that the spirit of liberty went into him and he was destined to do great things.

Well, after that, on and off, there were doings in America that made the world sit up and take notice. Of

course, they didn't know about the spirit of liberty getting in and out of so many people in the thirteen colonies; they thought it was just a kind of disease broken out, and they rooted England to win, but England didn't have a chance against the spirit of liberty. Patrick Henry got about the country, talking and shaking hands with a great many people, and he spread the spirit of liberty pretty thoroughly. But Patrick Hen-

land, but it didn't do any good.

He became old before his time with the great burden he had carried, which no longer did him any good and couldn't do anyone else much good. Then he decided to make a trip to Boston, which had always been a rare, fine place for someone to take up the spirit of liberty. He got to Boston, but Boston had changed. Patriots no longer walked about with fire shooting out

from under their brows. There was no longer talk of righting wrong and freeing men from the bonds of slavery. It was enough to make a man who loved liberty hang his head with shame, and it drove Patrick Henry to despair.

The good Boston men talked of ships and commerce and profits, and the price of cotton in the South and the price of corn in the North, and tariffs and trade restrictions—such talk until Patrick's head buzzed. And wherever he went in the fair town of Boston, in coffee house or tavern, it was the same. And it was no use for him to shake hands with men, because the spirit of liberty stayed with him. He got to see that there was really no one left in Boston who was interested in the spirit

of liberty. It hardly seemed possible.

He looked up Paul Revere, and Paul Revere talked eagerly of new methods of smelting copper. Sam Adams was away being governor. John Hancock was dead, and Patrick Henry wished that he too had not lived to see such a thing as this.

All the length and breadth of Boston it was just as though the Revolution had never been fought.

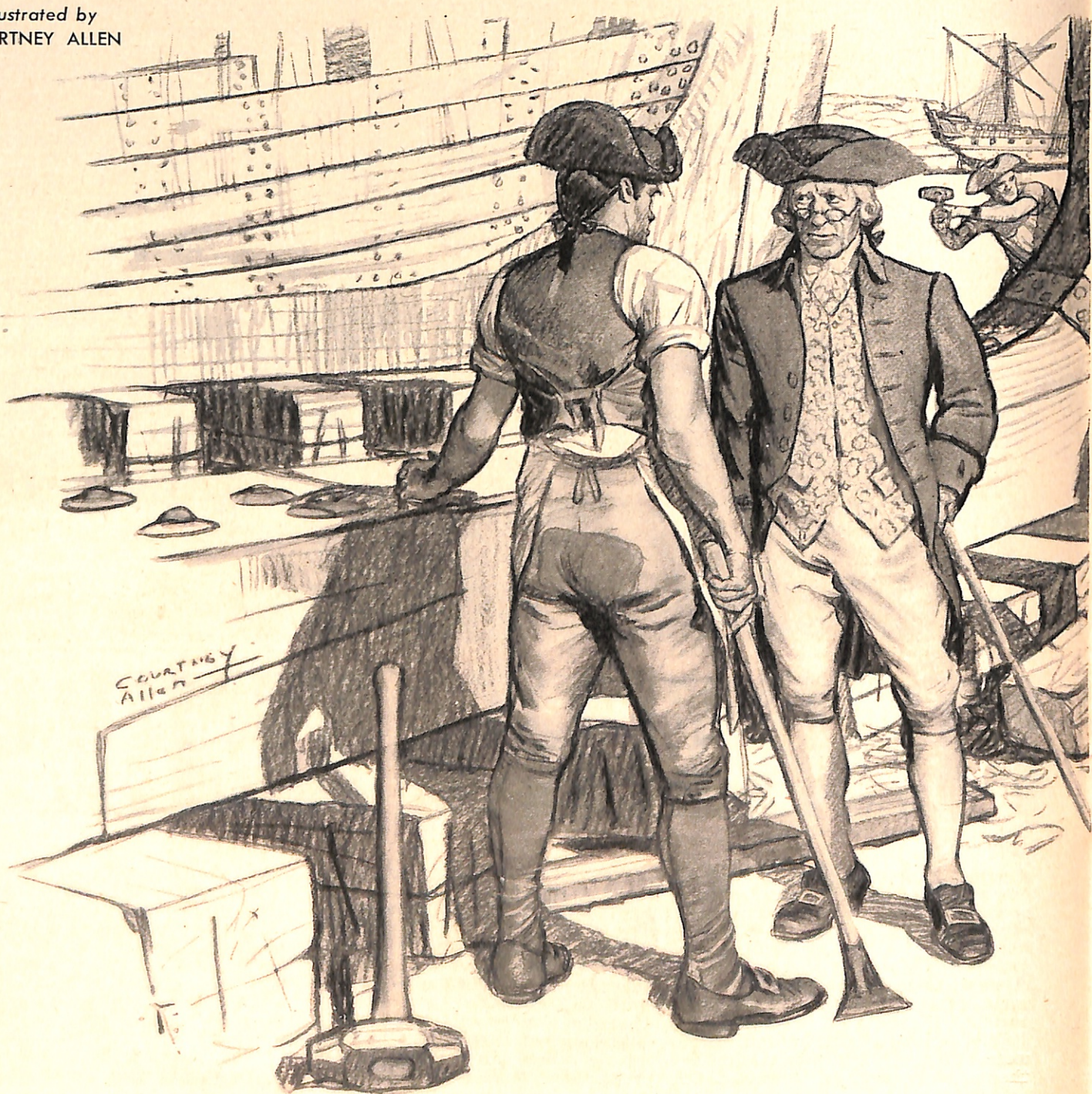
Well, a tired and saddened old man, Patrick Henry walked down to the waterfront where the shipyards were. There, all was activity; men spoke of brigs and barques and far Cathay, but never a word about liberty.

He wanted to rest. He came to a place where they were building a ship; only the keel had been laid,

great timbers of teak, soaked with pitch, rich with a warm smell that did the old man's heart good. He sighed and sat down on the keel. Some of the ship workers glanced at him, but they didn't ask him to go, he was such a fine-looking old gentleman.

Now while he was sitting there, it happened to him. A great and heavy load was lifted from his heart, and he didn't have to think twice to know what had happened to him. The spirit of liberty had gone out of him. The great burden was gone. He could have laughed aloud for joy, and he glanced about eagerly to see who had become the proud owner of the heritage. Then his heart sank. There was no one near him. The ship workers had gone on working,

Illustrated by
COURTNEY ALLEN



just as if nothing had happened.

For a moment, all hope disappeared. He decided that the spirit of liberty had left him and dissipated itself. It was gone for good.

That for a moment, and then he heard the sound. At first, he couldn't tell where the sound came from, and then he realized that it was in the wooden timbers of the keel he sat on. It was the sound of many things; it was the sound of wind strumming the ropes of a ship; it was the sound of men shouting triumphantly; it was the sound of guns roaring; it was the sound of the storm driving everything before it; and through it all, thin and clear, there was the voice of liberty.

He stood up, and he went to one of the shipyard carpenters. "What

ship will that be?" he asked the carpenter, and he pointed to the keel.

"Ain't no ship," the carpenter snorted, with contempt at a landsman's ignorance. "They reckon her to be a frigate. They reckon to build a frigate for a navy and stand up to England, but I call it a waste of taxpayers' money. One vessel ain't a navy and one vessel ain't goin' to stand up to England. Why don't they leave England alone and mind their own business? Times is good now and business booming."

Patrick Henry smiled curiously, went back to the keel, and listened. But there was no sound now; night began to fall, and the bare timbers seemed to mock at what he had heard before, if indeed he had heard it.

As my grandmother said, he didn't know, and he died without knowing whether the spirit of liberty had laughed at him and gone into the timbers of a frigate. He left Boston, and it was two years later that he died.

As my grandmother said, it seemed that the spirit of liberty was just about gone for good.

YOU can well imagine that things in the country went from bad to worse. Those who had known and been possessed by the spirit of liberty at one time became old and died. While they lived, they sighed and tried to make their peace with conditions. But it was hard. A new generation of smart alecks had grown up; they talked about the Revolution as a lot of nonsense that shouldn't have happened; they spoke of the old men as old fogies who couldn't keep up with the times. They made a mess of things all around.

Time passed, and the nations of the world, who at first had had a lot of respect for the young republic, sat back and laughed. They could see where we were just a flash in the pan, and they waited for England to take back what she had lost.

Maybe England sensed that the spirit of liberty was just about gone and forgotten, because she didn't waste any time. She realized that here was her chance to wipe out all this nonsense of America, and in order to do that, she needed a war. America wasn't anxious for war, but England began to prod her, and she kept on prodding her. Perhaps if things had been as they were in the old days, America would have bluffed back and settled it all without war.

Anyway, war came. As my grandmother said, people never realized that the spirit of liberty was gone until the war started. Then they woke up and looked around for the spirit of liberty. They ran to Paul Revere's shop, but it was closed down, with a "For Rent" sign out. They looked up the Liberty Boys, and found that the society had been dissolved. They tried Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and found it wasn't any better than a museum.

That was the way things stood, and England didn't waste any time.

She had decided on a naval war of hard, smashing blows, and she had the largest, most powerful navy in the world to back up her demands. For years, she had been lording it over the seas with that navy, impressing American seamen to work her ships, doing just about as she pleased. Now she struck, and the first thing Americans knew, their capitol city was taken and in flames. Well, after that, most people considered that it was all over, and those who had any hope asked feebly why there was no navy, and whether one couldn't be built. A few persons kept looking around for the spirit of liberty.

Now all this time, the spirit of liberty had not been in the country at all. Instead, it had been locked up in the timbers of a little frigate that was just about all the navy the United States had. She wasn't anything unusual, this frigate, just a vessel of fifteen hundred tons, and built much the same as most frigates in the French and British navies. She carried fifty-two guns and sailed nicely. Her name was "*Constitution*".

Up to this time, she had been mostly away from America, sailing here and there, and stirring up a nest of trouble wherever she went. As my grandmother said, this was because of the spirit of liberty, which had been in America so long that European people had kind of forgotten what it was like. But now, wherever the *Constitution* touched, she left some of that spirit, until all Europe was buzzing like a hornet's nest. Of course, they didn't know what was doing it; they didn't know about Patrick Henry sitting down to rest in the Boston shipyard. They took all this as a natural thing, and thought it was their own cleverness that made them whisper about that men should be free.

NOW the captain of the *Constitution* was a man by the name of Isaac Hull. He was nobody's fool, and he couldn't help seeing all the trouble the *Constitution* caused. At first, he wasn't quite sure of things; but once when he was down in the hold inspecting the keel timbers, he heard a sound like the noise of men singing. It came from the keel, and when he put his ear close to the wood, he heard the song of liberty. He was a hard-headed Yankee, but he had lived through the old times, and when he was a boy he had seen the tongues of flame leap from patriots' eyes. So notwithstanding that he was a hard-headed Yankee, he listened and while he listened he found things out. He listened until he had the whole story, right from the time Patrick Henry had seated himself to rest. Isaac bent over and laid his hands on the wood, and he kept them there until he felt himself throbbing with the spirit of liberty. Then he went up on deck and cried out to the helmsman, "Steer for the port of Boston!"

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"Ain't no ship," the carpenter snorted, with contempt at a landsman's ignorance. "They reckon her to be a frigate."

Red AND Gun



Ralph Anderson from Atlas

Just a plain gremlin is bad enough but a garrulous gunning gremlin will send the best of shots into the shakes.



**By
Ray
Trullinger**

LOOK, pals, will someone suggest a sure-fire way to exorcise a jinx? We've had a gunning gremlin in our hair since hunting season opened last Fall and the situation is desperate. If the little hellion isn't scotched before long we'll be nuttier than a fruit cake. It's that bad.

And don't recommend a rabbit's foot or horseshoe. We've tried ordinary luck charms and they just don't work. Our particular jinx requires something special. No run-of-the-

mill amulet, lodestone or witch's brew appears to have the required potency. When our personal hunting pixie takes over, he takes over.

There was reason to suspect something was afoot last October in Quebec, when a succession of bluebird days put the whammy on what promised to be an auspicious duck shoot. There were quackers galore—thousands of 'em, in fact—but would they fly? No, brother, they wouldn't. They rafted up in the middle of the lake in mile-long masses, and there they remained. Stuffing their gizzards and making rude noises at frustrated hunters, this one included, for a solid week. A little wind and nasty weather would have changed that dismal picture, but it wasn't to be. Our jinx, like the Marines, had the situation well in hand.

When that trip ended, the cost of the jaunt was divided by the number

of birds killed and the price of each duck came to \$13.85, which seemed a bit high. Even today you can buy sirloin for a dollar or two less a pound.

Then came November, and reports of tophole gunning in Maine. So we decided to cut ourself in on that. Deer, grouse and ducks were to be our objectives, and Washington County, one of the Pine Tree State's best hunting regions, was chosen as the scene of operations. The furred and feathered fauna of that area certainly were going to catch you know what. Yes siree! So after muttering a mystic incantation to discourage the jinx, we entrained for Calais, Maine, where we were taken in tow by Warden Supervisor Lloyd Clark. That gentleman assured us the trap was all set and baited—we just couldn't miss. The whole county, he affirmed, was crawling with big

(Continued on page 48)



R. Statile from Atlas



Here are the do's and don'ts for the care of Mrs. Fido and that Blessed Event.

By Ed Faust

IN THE years that I have been writing these librettos for our Magazine I haven't discussed this subject to any extent. But I'm going to do that now. It's about Mrs. Fido and that Blessed Event. To the folks who keep the groceries on the table by regularly conducting matrimonial

arrangements for their dogs, this is routine. It's really nothing to get excited about, despite some letters I get that border on panic because the writers have discovered that the canine stork is going to visit their homes. Most of these sound a note of grievance, the sort that you'd ex-

pect from a person who has been given a jury notice. Granted, the arrival of a litter of little strangers isn't a common event in the average home. But with proper precautions and an equally proper program of care for the mother, it becomes a simple affair. In nearly every case Momma dog can handle the job with little or no assistance. If she's a normal, healthy dog she can do better if left alone, with her owner merely keeping a sharp eye for any emergency.

And so, to you who may have a female dog, forget those last-minute regrets that you didn't choose her brother—just because she's going to have a family. Perhaps you've never owned a gentleman of the species and so haven't found out the difference between him and his sister, the difference which is so much in favor of the lady. Unfortunately, too many people back away in horror from the thought of harboring a female. "What, have a puppy incubator around the house? No and double Nix." Of course, there is a minority which prefers the female and which knows that if properly kept she will live her full life with no biological consequences. These, better informed, will tell you that the female is usually the better house pet. They'll point out her more gentle disposition. While she may or may not be more intelligent than her brother, she decidedly is more steady and consequently learns faster. Her memory, too, is more retentive. Unlike her

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In the DOGHOUSE with Ed Faust

Editorial

With Victory Comes Opportunity

WATCHMAN, what of the night which has settled down on this world once so bright and cheerful and now engulfed in blackness and almost in despair? What will the new year on which we are entering bring to us besides death, sorrow and bloodshed? We must resolutely face the ordeals which threaten us, which in fact are now upon us, hoping and in faith believing that out of it will come blessings which now seem impossible. In many respects it will be a very different world from that in which we have been living. We must make it a better world in which to live and raise our children. A difficult task, to be sure, but not impossible of accomplishment. We can gain inspiration from reading the history of the Revolution and picturing the dark days of Valley Forge. As dark as the present days are, they are not as dark, gloomy nor as full of despair as those trying days when our Nation was struggling for existence against seemingly insurmountable difficulties. Our soldiers are well fed, well clothed and not struggling through snow and not barefoot. They stood against all hardships resolutely and with fortitude fought on to a glorious victory and gave us this blessed country for which we are now fighting. We are of the same blood and stamina, of the same courage and the same resolution, with the same determination to win, and we shall not fail. Already the triumph of our arms justifies our confidence as to the final result.

When this bloody war is over we will build for the future on a much better and surer foundation than the patriots of

'76 could possibly have envisioned as the basis for the structure which they erected and which has stood for well over a hundred years as the envy of the whole world. It is unbelievable that we shall accomplish less than they but on a broader field of usefulness for all peoples. Then indeed will the nations of the world rise up and call us blessed.

First things came first, so let us win the war.

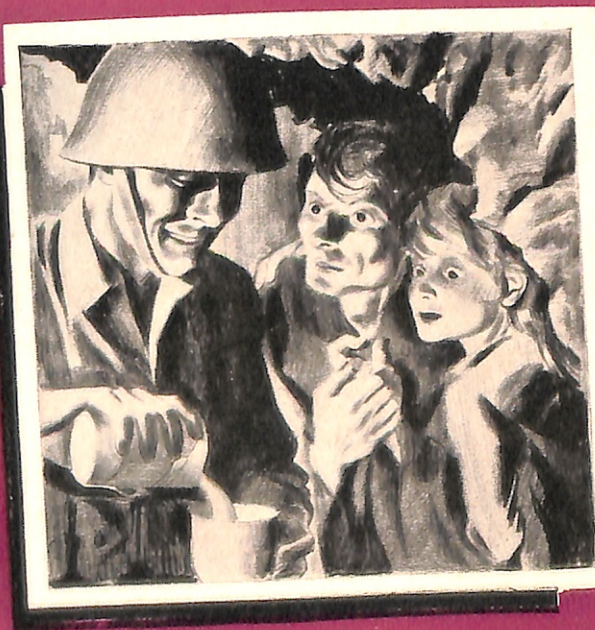
Our Natal Month

NEXT month holds within its confines the natal day of our Order and marks its seventy-fifth birthday. That is a long period in the life of an individual but is indeed a short period in the life of an organization such as ours, created, we hope, for all time to serve a useful purpose in the brotherhood of man.

Just contemplate what wonders have been wrought in the last seventy-five years. To mention only a few, we have seen invented and put to use the telephone, the typewriter, the automobile, the airplane, the under-sea craft, television and a thousand and one other devices without which this would be a very different world from what it is today. Along with those physical developments have come spiritual developments equally marked. With all these our Order has kept pace and has grown to a great patriotic and benevolent institution which exerts a powerful influence for the betterment of mankind. It has spent millions in charitable undertakings and in patriotic work it has contributed to the success of one World War and is contributing to the success of another which we all hope and pray will mark the end of armed conflict in the world. This is not too much for which to hope, in faith believing.

Truly our Order came into existence in a period of our country's greatest development and we are proud of the part we were privileged to play in assisting to place it in the foreground of all civilized nations. In thus devoting our energies we have not lost sight of the opportunity to school our mem-

Decorations by John J. Floherty, Jr.



bers in the basic principles in which our Order is founded—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity. These principles broadly understood and made effective would result in a brighter and better world. Here points our way for the future. As our founders built wiser and better than they knew, let us devote ourselves to building a larger and better Fraternity on the foundations they laid. As an Order we have reached man's estate. Let us make during the next seventy-five years a record of achievement unparalleled in the history of fraternal organizations.

Chickens Home to Roost

IT SEEMS that the present lot of Hitler cannot be a happy one, but he goes merrily on with his propaganda to the effect that he is sure of winning the war. He hands it out to the Germans with the same assurance with which he announced that Russia had fallen never to rise again, that he did everything in his power to avoid the war, that he held out the olive branch to the warring nations, that the victory which was in his grasp would benefit not only Germany but the whole of Europe and his many other claims, all of which have failed to materialize. It seems inevitable that the German people would realize by this time or soon that his assurances are no more than the vaporings of a scoundrel with a diseased and wholly distorted mind.

The German people are not fools and cannot be ignorant of what is transpiring in the world. How then can they be longer deceived by his declarations? We have just entered the war aggressively and the memory of what happened in the last war after we sent our troops into that conflict is even now in Hitler's mind. This is what is worrying him and caused him to say recently that the situation is different from what it was then for the reason that he is their leader and not the Kaiser, that he will not run for cover as the Kaiser did but that he will remain until proud victory crowns his efforts. He is right on one proposition, for in truth and in

fact things are now very different from what they were twenty-five years ago. Now the whole world is on fire and nobody wants to see him emulate the example of the Kaiser. If he values his hide it would be wise for him to run while the running is good. No country on the face of the earth would or could offer him safe asylum. Hitler and those who have blindly followed him have asked for just what they are going to get and the Allies will see to it that they get it. "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition."

The People Are Eager for the Facts

IN THESE days our minds are centered on the war and little else can challenge or hold longer than temporarily a place in our minds. The daily developments insofar as we are privileged to learn them are of absorbing interest. The complaint is registered that we are not being advised as early and as promptly as we should be. That may or may not be criticism well founded. We are compelled to rely on our officers and officials for this information and to believe, with some question in our minds, that they are dealing fairly with us in this respect, as they should. For example, we learn today that some weeks ago a certain war ship was sunk. Now it may be that the announcement at an earlier date would have resulted in giving aid to the enemy, but not knowing all of the facts we are unable to see how or in what respect the withholding of this information from us could have been of benefit to our enemies. In many instances we are reasonably sure the enemy knew the facts when or soon after they occurred and it becomes a matter of wonderment just how keeping this information from us could possibly have given aid or encouragement to the enemy. Recently we are being more promptly informed and it is to be hoped that those who control our avenues of war information will realize that the withholding of information is a distinct disservice to our own people who are doing all they can to assist in this struggle to the end that victory may be sure and complete.





OFFICE OF THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

Hello Americans! Let's Chat a While—

ELKS DIAMOND JUBILEE: The new year of 1943 brings us the Diamond Jubilee of our beloved Order. The Grand Lodge was organized in February, 1868, seventy-five years ago. Three-quarters of a century is the long span of continuous years that the Order of Elks has enjoyed.

In the year of its founding, the far-flung reaches of our country could claim no such closely knitted states, cities and towns as now it proudly claims. With breathless speed those former vast open spaces became populated and all parts of our land entered into neighborly intimacy with every other. Local habits of thought and dress and provincial biases and selfishness disappeared, so that our country and our countrymen came to be one strong, cohesive nation. The railroads that gird the land, and the telephone, telegraph and radio systems that link all our communities are but mechanical means which serve to efface time and distance. But something less material than these was required to make us a nation. The hearts of its people had to be bound one to another in generous and loving accord with their common government.

BUILDING A NATION: In this great drama of building a nation, the Order of Elks played an early and leading part. From its very beginning the Order was exclusively American. Its greatest undertaking was to make the American people know one another better, and so it could not suffer any distractions that might arise from divided allegiance with any foreign affiliations. From the Atlantic to the Pacific its members practiced and proclaimed Charity as the divine solvent of human hearts that would make our countrymen one great people. Distinctive among all other fraternities in this, that it admitted into its circle men from all lands (and in that day they were numerous and rapidly growing more numerous), the Order soon became an expanding crucible or melting pot within the mixing bowl of the new world.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ELKS: The philosophy of the Order of Elks was well within the cultural tradition of our country's founders and of the thousands of later Europeans who were then seeking here a refuge. The Order emphasized the right of personal liberty to be exercised and enjoyed in a representative form of government. This cultural tradition, derived from the founding fathers, and the principle of personal liberty had their source in western Christendom out of which came the early and later settlers of our country, all of whom firmly held to this common tradition despite sharp confessional differences.

OTHER FRATERNITIES: There were other fraternities in our country when Elkdom appeared upon the stage of action, but none other so perfectly anticipated the expanding social demands of the spirit of American

democracy. The Elks did not classify men by nationality, sect or section; they accepted all Americans, native-born and naturalized, provided they were of good character and professed a belief in God. They gave full and generous response to the appeal of Lamar, a distinguished Southern orator of that day, who said, "My countrymen, know one another and you will love one another."

BROTHERLY LOVE: Brotherly love, as practiced by the Elks, is indeed the perfect solvent for sectarian, sectional and racial consciousness, the banes of national unity. This ideal we Elks have zealously and patriotically pursued so that we now come into this hour of our Diamond Jubilee joyously singing the Centennial Hymn of Whittier:

Our fathers' God! From out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet today, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

DIAMOND JUBILEE MEMBERSHIP CLASS: Life is constant change and self-renewal. Our Order lives by its members and its members live in it. Few of those now of the Order were living when it was founded, and even these were then but in their infant years. All of us have our "little day, then cease to be"; but the Order goes on. Like a lake it has its outlets, yet its waters are continuously restored, and so it remains in the midst of change, the same great, unchanging body.

As we think responsibly of the continued life of our Order, so must we give thought to its constant need of nourishment by the assimilation of new members of character.

You will then, each of you, promptly respond to the appeal that will be made to you soon by the Grand Lodge Activities Committee to form the Diamond Jubilee Membership Class. With enthusiasm for our Order, good Elks never rest in their quest to make the best of neighbors like unto themselves. AMERICA NEEDS ELKDOM!

Sincerely and fraternally,

GRAND EXALTED RULER



THE **Elks** IN THE **WAR**

At top: Members of Rochester, N. H., Lodge are photographed with some of the "G" Boxes which they sent out to members in the service.

Right is a picture taken at a dinner given by Warren, Ohio, Lodge when Navy enlistees were sworn into the Navy during Elks War Service Week. Warren Lodge maintained a Navy Recruiting Station in its home.



THE ELKS IN THE WAR



Above is a view of one of the rooms in the Ridgewood, N. J., Elks Emergency Hospital which was recently dedicated to become a First Aid station in the Lodge building. This is the second emergency hospital of its kind in the country.



Right is a picture taken at the commencement of Owatonna, Minn., Lodge's sponsorship of the U. S. Navy Procurement Program for Naval fliers. Those shown are officers of the Lodge, two Navy Lieutenants and D.D. Charles Kiesner.

Below is a group of service men who were entertained recently at Norwich, Conn., Lodge's Fraternal Center.



Below: Officers of Burbank, Calif., Lodge are pictured in the act of purchasing War Bonds from a local bank.



Right are officers of Pocatello, Ida., Lodge and Army officers with a group of inductees as they entered the armed services in the Lodge home.



THE ELKS IN THE WAR



Above are those who attended an Aviation Class dinner held by San Francisco, Calif., Lodge for aviation cadets who were attending the Refresher Course.

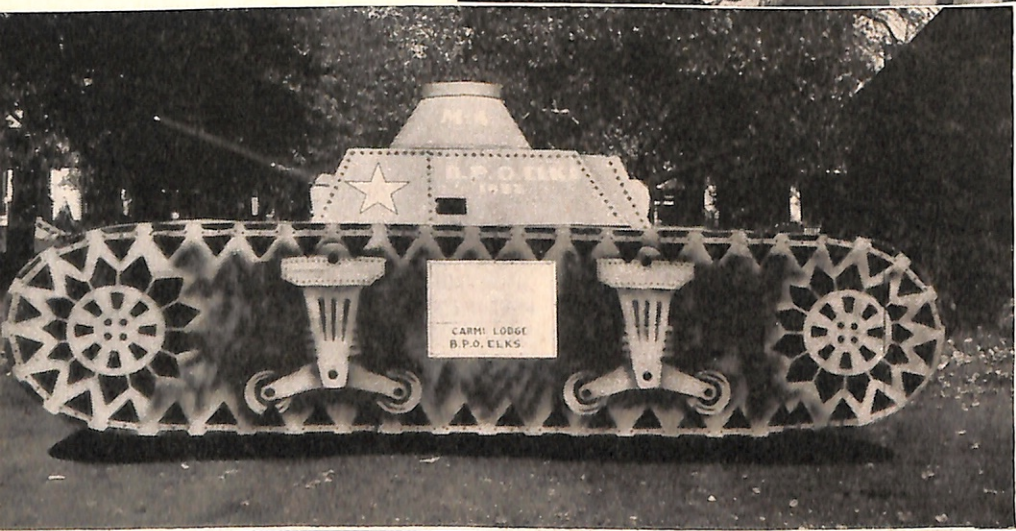
Right are service men who were present at the Open House held by Suffolk, Va., Lodge for them. Approximately 120 are entertained each week by this Lodge.





Above, with Omaha Elks, is Elks Flying Cadet Unit No. 5 of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, a group of young men which completed the University of Omaha Refresher Course.

Right are those who are engaged in a project of manufacturing house slippers for convalescent soldiers in our military camp hospitals, under the sponsorship of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge. Left to right are John Farley, in charge of the shop; General F. D. Henderson, warden; Fred H. Hertel, Elks Welfare Director, and Willard Frost, in charge of the tailor shop.



Left is a tank entered by Carmi, Ill., Lodge in the annual Fall Festival to advertise the Lodge's War Bond Campaign.

Below are members of Houston, Tex., Lodge, photographed during a State-wide campaign, actively supported by the Lodge, for "Old Keys for Victory". This is a metal scrap salvage project.



THE **ELKS** IN THE **WAR**



Above is the speakers' table at a War Bond banquet given by Logansport, Ind., Lodge to celebrate the collection of \$271,275.

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

The Elks Fraternal Center at El Reno, Okla., Is Dedicated

The Elks Fraternal Center, operated by El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743, in connection with the Elks War Commission, was dedicated recently. Brigadier General George Ade Davis, Adjutant General of the State of Oklahoma, was the guest speaker. More than 300 members and their wives were present.

The lodge has put new equipment into the building at a cost of \$2,000. It is now a haven of rest for service men, especially transients. Those who are traveling from one camp to another spend the hours between trains at the Center, use the showers and avail themselves gen-

erally of the comforts and privileges at their disposal.

Thousands of service men have registered at the Center since it was opened. A juke box has been installed and entertainment is provided nightly. More than 100 junior hostesses are enrolled, subject to call. Mrs. Emerson R. Kelso, wife of

a member of El Reno Lodge, is Chairman of the Hostesses Committee. While all of the work is performed voluntarily by the Elks' ladies, others who are interested in the Center donate cookies and food of various kinds as their own individual contributions to the El Reno Elks Fraternal Center.

Under the antlers

Below are those who were present at a dinner given by Missoula, "Hellgate", Mont., Lodge to commemorate Navy Day.





Indiana Officers' Conference Is Held at Indianapolis

On Saturday night, October 3, Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13, was host to its own members and a number of out-of-town visitors at a dance at the Antlers Hotel. The affair preceded the 23rd Annual District Deputies Conference with Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Indiana subordinate lodges which took place at the Hotel the next day. The meeting was attended by three Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order, Floyd E. Thompson, of Moline, Ill., Lodge, Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago, and by approximately 250 Indiana Elks.

The five District Deputies of the State, Fred C. Skinner, Jr., Valparaiso, Ralph V. Walker, Wabash, Eddie L. Adair, Crawfordsville, James F. Hibberd, Richmond, and Earle J. Kremp, Washington, presided at separate district meetings on Sunday morning. At 1:00 p.m. a banquet was given for all Elks attending the conference. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Warner and Mr. Masters, Claude E. Thompson, of Frankfort Lodge, Past Pres. of the Ind. State Elks Assn. and present Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and State President Edwin Loewenthal, of Evansville, were speakers. Past Presidents Joseph B. Kyle of Gary, Ind., Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Robert A. Scott of Linton, Ind., Lodge,

Right: The first eleven men who were sworn into the U. S. Marine Corps during the Recruiting Drive sponsored by Atlanta, Ga., Lodge.

Below is a class recently initiated into Pasadena, Calif., Lodge on Navy Night, pictured with the Lodge officers, Navy officers and men.

Above is a class of candidates initiated into Negaunee, Mich., Lodge recently.

Superintendent of the Elks National Home, State Secretary C. L. Shideler, Terre Haute, and State Vice-President Paul G. Jasper, Fort Wayne, were among those present. Lloyd Maxwell, of Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, also attended. The famous Indiana Elks Chanters sang at the Saturday night dance and at the meeting and banquet on Sunday.

Notice Regarding Applications For Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

Miss Weed Receives Foundation Award at Laconia, N. H., Lodge

Miss Geraldine Weed, of Laconia, N. H., this year's winner of the Elks National Foundation's third scholarship award of \$400, was presented with her prize at a special session of Laconia Lodge No. 876 on September 14. Nearly 200 persons, including members of the Emblem Club, attended the meeting to which the public was invited. E.R. Fortunat A. Normandin, Esquire Walter A. Harkins and Mayor Robinson W. Smith, Laconia, D.D. Edward S. Duggan, Dover, and P.D.D. J. Levi Meader, Rochester, were among the prominent New Hampshire Elks who participated in the presentation exercises.

Miss Weed, who entered Bates College in Maine at the beginning of the semester, accepted the award with modest graciousness. Laconia, a small city, received good newspaper publicity as the home town of a young student who had won so high an honor. William A. Mahoney, a member of the lodge who coached Miss Weed for four years as English and debating teacher, was also felicitated.





Elizabeth, N. J., Elks Present Mobile Canteen to Red Cross Unit

The presentation of a \$2,000 fully equipped mobile canteen was made by Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, to Elizabethtown Chapter of the American Red Cross on October 1. The canteen will be operated by the Red Cross Canteen Corps. The ceremony was held in front of the lodge home. P.E.R. George L. Hirtzel, Chairman of the lodge's Board of Trustees, handed the keys to Secretary of State Joseph A. Brophy, Chairman of the Chapter. Mr. Brophy, a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 289, is also Treasurer of the Board of Trustees.

The canteen, a truck that can be driven from place to place and set up as an emergency kitchen and serving pantry for the mass feeding of troops or civilians in the event of disaster, is equipped to carry supplies sufficient for 5,000 persons. Because of ample cupboard space for the storing of provisions,

Above is a "Fight for Freedom Class" which was recently initiated into Lewiston, Ida., Lodge. Fifty candidates, together with the officers of Lewiston Lodge and officials of the Idaho State Elks Association, are shown.

MOVING PICTURE OF ELKS NATIONAL HOME, BEDFORD, VIRGINIA

The West Virginia State Elks Association has donated to the Elks National Home a sixteen millimeter film showing scenes in and around the Home. It is a silent film and the running time is about thirty minutes.

Any Lodge or State Association may have the use of this film by applying to R. A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia.

the truck can go fully stocked to a scene of action without delay. Roomy enough to accommodate the three workers needed to operate it, the kitchen contains many cabinets, a two-burner oil stove, a sink with plumbing connections, four ten-gallon cans in insulated cabinets with faucets, and a thirty-gallon water tank piped to the sink. Steel drawers are used as food containers. Two extra dome lights make it possible to operate with adequate lighting in an emergency. The canteen has windows on either side for the dispensing of food from side counters, with folding ramps on either side to facilitate serving long lines of people, and an auxiliary counter at the rear. Two fire extinguishers and a first aid kit complete the equipment.

C. E. Cushing, Exalted Ruler Of Minot, N. D., Lodge, Dies

Charles E. Cushing, aged 52, Exalted Ruler of Minot, N. D., Lodge, No. 1089, passed away on September 13 after a short illness. Funeral services were conducted on September 16 in the lodge room, with P.E.R. Harold M. Montgomery in charge of the ritualistic ceremonies.

Mr. Cushing was born at Two Harbors, Minn. He was educated at St. Paul and at St. John's University, Col-



Left is a large class of candidates initiated into Wallace, Ida., Lodge at its recent annual Round-Up.

Below are members of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge who were present to greet the train when Billy Southworth, Manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, returned to St. Louis after his team won the World Series in New York.





Above are some of those who were present when D.D. E. L. Milner visited Telluride, Colo., Lodge.

legeville, Minn. He became a resident of Minot in 1922 and was for many years prominent in public life in the community. He served for 10 years as Scout Commissioner for the Great Plains Area, was Commander of the William G. Carroll Post of the American Legion, and a member of the Minot Rotary Club.

Mr. Cushing served in the World War with the 23rd regiment of U. S. Engineers. At the time of his death he was chief engineer for the Northern States Power Company.

Beautiful Home of Frostburg, Md., Lodge Is Free of Debt

Members of Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, enjoyed three days of festivity and felicitation when, on September 11-

Members in our armed forces are urged to keep both the Secretary of their lodge and the Magazine office informed of their correct address.

To avoid the delay and the extra expense to your family of having your Magazine forwarded from your home, send us your address for direct mailing, together with lodge number, old address and, if convenient, member's number.

12-13, they celebrated final payment on their lodge home. Liquidation of the debt of \$26,000 took but two years and

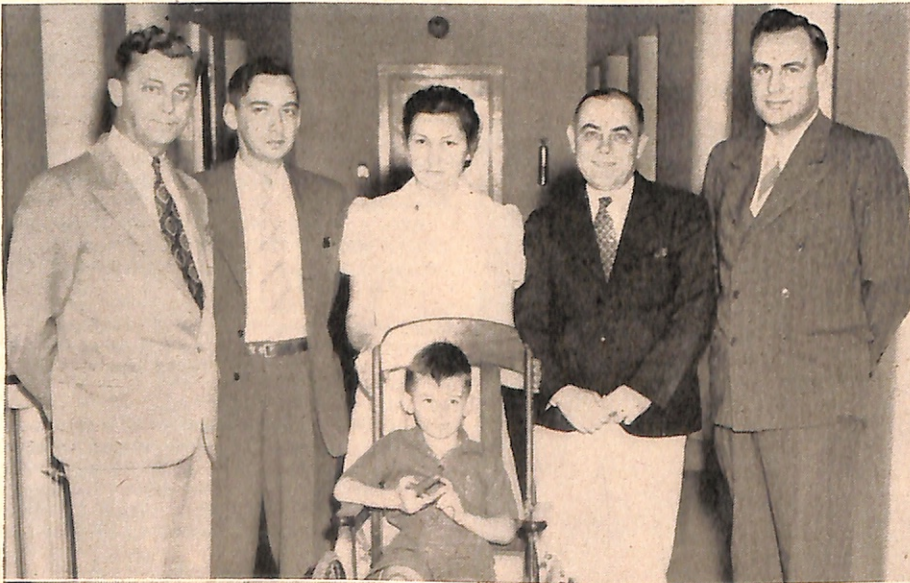
eight months, almost six years under the time calculated when the Elks took over the property. Enthusiasm was enhanced by the fact that the lodge now has one of the most distinctive homes in the country. It was originally the old McCulloh plantation seat. Much of the homestead's colonial charm has been retained in the remodeling. Windows in the rear overlook the broad expanse of the Jennings Run Valley.

Saturday's program included an all-day "Open House" and the "Grand Exalted Ruler's Ball", a semiformal affair honoring Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan who had been a guest of the lodge on the preceding day, attending the banquet and floor show and delivering the principal address at the mortgage-burning exercises on Friday evening. The lodge home was open to Elks and their friends all day Sunday. A brilliant concert, given that evening on the lawn, attracted several hundred people. Some congregated on the sidewalk, while others sat on the upper and lower porches of the home.

Many visitors, including a large number from Cumberland, were entertained by the lodge during the celebration. William G. Hiller, a former Frostburg business man and now a resident of the Elks National Home, was greeted warmly by a host of old friends.

Left are members of the Wisconsin State Elks Assn., shown as they presented a juvenile orthopedic chair to a Sheboygan hospital.

Below are officers of Gloucester, Mass., Lodge, shown with a large class of candidates they initiated recently on the occasion of the official visit of D.D. Joseph Casey.





Mobile, Ala., Lodge's Drive for Volunteers Meets with Success

Two hundred and fifty recruits were obtained for the U. S. Armed Forces in the drive for volunteers from 18 to 26 years of age, sponsored by Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108, during Elks National War Service Week. The lodge also continued its morale-building efforts with a patriotic rally and several social functions for service men. Total disbursements for the week amounted to more than \$700. D. S. Pennington served as General Chairman, assisted by Joseph A. Marques, J. S. Blotzer and Secy. John M. Lynch.

At the beginning of the campaign, enlistment booths were set up in the lodge home where representatives of the sever-

al branches of the Service answered questions and furnished information requested by prospective recruits. Excursions were made to Brookley Field where the boys were shown many different kinds of fighting equipment. A

parade was given by the Brookley Field soldiers, led by their band which later gave a military concert at the lodge home.

Army induction ceremonies were held in the home of No. 108. Fifty young men,



Right: Mr. Sullivan is shown with members of Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge when he visited there to help celebrate the Lodge's 25th Anniversary.





Right are four of the six Past Exalted Rulers of LaFayette, Ind., Lodge who received valuable gifts as a mark of the Lodge's esteem.

in the home of No. 108. Fifty young men, members of the Frank M. Dixon Class of Volunteers, took the oath which was administered by Judge J. Edward Livingston, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Alabama, representing Governor Dixon for whom the class was named. The meeting was called to order by E.R. L. A. De Ornellas. Relatives and friends of the enlisted men were special guests. The principal address was delivered by Judge Livingston, and short talks were made by Mayor E. M. Megginson, Major Edward A. Gilbert, Colonel F. A. Prince, chief of army recruiting in Alabama, and Lieutenant Commander Elmer D. Langworthy. The concluding event of the week's program was a ball at the lodge home. All service men were invited. The queens of the ball were Miss Patricia Warren, for the Navy, Miss Jamie Redwood, for the Marines, and Miss Maudie Dell Holcombe for the Army.

Greenville, Pa., Lodge Sets a Fine Example in Patriotic Work

Greenville, Pa., Lodge, No. 145, with a membership of less than five hundred, has many charities on its active list, and is always glad of an opportunity to serve the local hospital. At a recent regular meeting, the lodge voted to purchase all of the equipment necessary for the establishment at Greenville Hospital of a 100-bottle blood and plasma bank. The proposal to provide the equipment, made by E.R. Paul Quillin, was approved wholeheartedly by the members as a contribution to civilian defense. Cost of the equipment was estimated at approximately \$1,000.

Fifty-five thousand dollars worth of War Bonds were owned by Greenville Lodge on October 1 and additional purchases were planned. The lodge does its part with the USO, the Red Cross and other worthwhile organizations and has been oversubscribed with the Elks War Commission since its first appeal for contributions to the war fund.

IF YOUR ELKS MAGAZINE IS LATE

Our war-time transportation facilities are doing a great job and military supplies must come first. Your Magazine is mailed in what normally would be ample time to reach you on our regular publication date. If your Elks Magazine is late, it is caused by conditions beyond our control.

D.D. Gayle Cox Is Welcomed By Wilmington, N. C., Elks

District Deputy Gayle J. Cox, of Raleigh, making his official visitation to Wilmington, N. C., Lodge, No. 532, on October the 8th, was welcomed by E.R. C. David Jones and a large representation of the membership turned out for the occasion. Mr. Cox addressed the members and their guests, stating what is expected of Elks in wartime.

An interesting talk was made by charter member L. Stein, the oldest member of Wilmington Lodge and an Elk of long standing. He was also a charter member of one of the oldest lodges in the Order, Richmond, Virginia, No. 45. Richmond Lodge was instituted in the year 1886.

Party at Missoula Lodge Home Climaxes Navy Week Activities

Missoula, "Hellgate", Mont., Lodge, No. 383, observed Navy Day with a special program, beginning with a dinner served in the lodge home at beautifully decorated tables. The Elks' band played during the dinner and vocal selections were rendered by the Lions Club male quartette. P.E.R. H. F. Root acted as Toastmaster.

Several hundred Elks, their ladies and many other invited guests, including dignitaries of the Order, Navy, Army and Marine Corps service men, members of the Navy Mothers Club and wives of members in the Armed Forces, were present.

An eloquent, patriotic address delivered by Commander Bert H. Creighton, U.S.N.R., concluded the program, after which the hall was cleared for dancing. The Elks, following their usual custom, brought along packages of cigarettes to be added to the collection sent out by the lodge to the "boys in the Service".

War Work is Accented by Long Beach, Calif., Lodge

Among the members of the large "Win the War" Class initiated recently by Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, were many Army and Navy men and a number of prominent citizens of Long Beach. Past Exalted Rulers conducted the initiation, with P.E.R. Norman E. Naeve presiding.

After the meeting, the lodge entertained many high ranking naval officers. All were introduced by Joseph E. Mason, Chairman of the Elks Crippled Children Committee and also Chairman of the local Naval Affairs Commission. Mr. Mason was in charge of the entertainment program. The guest of honor, Commander W. W. Finneman, gave an interesting talk on the Navy. Newton M. Todd of Long Beach, Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn., P.E.R. Walter J. Desmond, presiding Justice of the Los Angeles County Superior Court, and P.E.R. L. A. Lewis, of Anaheim, a former member of the Grand Lodge Com-

ENLIST NOW

In World War No. 1 a great many lives were lost because of the lack of plasma. In the present conflict, plasma has saved the lives of a vast number of our fighting men. Unless we obtain the necessary supply of plasma, our losses in manpower will be enormous, and in this manpower are your sons, your husbands, your brothers, your relatives, all America's sons. We who are at home must protect America's sons who are on the fighting fronts stretched over the entire world. We can protect them in a very material way by enlisting in the Army of Blood Donors.

Male or female, if you are between the ages of 21 and 60, health permitting, subject to examination, you can make a voluntary donation of your blood to provide this plasma so urgently needed.

The entire process is without pain, and requires only about half an hour, after which normal activities may be resumed.

Apply to your local Red Cross Chapter for an appointment.

In the name of humanity, enlist in the Army of Blood Donors, and serve the gallant men on the firing lines, who are giving their blood and their lives that you and Democracy may live.

Past Exalted Ruler Jack N. Cooper, of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, himself a donor, and sponsor of enlistment in the Army of Blood Donors since Pearl Harbor, makes this appeal.

mittee on Judiciary, were among the distinguished Elks in attendance. Esteemed Leading Knight Robert P. Mohrbacher presented Chaplain Johnson, of the Naval Relief Society, with a \$200 check for the Navy Children's Christmas Party as a token of the lodge's appreciation of the Society's splendid work.

Long Beach Lodge is constantly busy with war work activities, including daily entertainment for men in uniform. Soldier personnel shows are sponsored and War Bonds are bought from time to time. A purchase of \$14,000 worth was made in the late Autumn.

Columbus, O., Elks Need Material For Wartime Slipper Manufacture

For the past eight months, Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, has been engaged in the manufacture of house slippers for convalescent soldiers and sailors who are being cared for in U. S. military camp hospitals. The work is carried out on a large scale. The lodge has on file numerous letters from officers in charge of the various hospitals, including one in far-away Alaska, acknowledging with sincere appreciation receipt of crates containing from 100 to 500 pairs of slippers. An offer to supply house slippers to military hospitals in Canada was accepted with gratitude.

Columbus Lodge, however, is in great need of raw material with which to carry on so extensive a program. Heretofore, 75 per cent was furnished by Columbus and places in central Ohio, but due to the scarcity of material from which the slippers are made, the lodge will have to draw from a wider area in order to continue its work. It is, therefore, asking the lodges of the Order for assistance and for their information, lists as especially desired such articles and materials as used rugs or carpets, portières, clothing of any description, either men's or women's, leather, leatheret, felt matting, oil cloth and felt hats. The slippers are manufactured at the Ohio State Penitentiary. The finished product is the work of the prisoners who thus find a way to do their bit.

Frederick, Md., Lodge Sponsors A Successful Patriotic Program

A patriotic program sponsored by Frederick, Md., Lodge, No. 684, some weeks ago, drew an audience of 1,200 persons. Twenty-four fraternal, military and civic organizations were represented on the stage of the Tivoli Theatre where the affair was held. Colonel Richard O'Connell, of Baltimore, representing Major General Milton A. Reckord, Commander of the Third Service Command, was the principal speaker.

"Old Timers Night" was celebrated recently in the lodge home, highlighted by the presentation of honorary life memberships to the lodge's four remaining charter members. A "bull roast" was a popular feature of the evening.

Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge Honors Members of Local Draft Boards

Members of the local Selective Service Boards were honored recently at a public testimonial dinner given at the Hotel Jamestown by Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 263. Covers were laid for 125 Elks and their guests and many ladies were present.

Exalted Ruler Philip H. Mahoney extended a welcome on behalf of the lodge, and P.E.R. Arthur J. Dunderdale presided. Among those who spoke were

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

October 23, 1942

Dear Mr. Sullivan:

I want to send you this personal note to tell you how very deeply I appreciate that very fine Declaration of National Allegiance by the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks which John McCormack brought to me in that very attractive folder.

I am deeply grateful to you and the organization for the fine cooperation and loyalty of your members in this crisis.

Very sincerely yours,
Franklin D. Roosevelt

E. Mark Sullivan, Grand Exalted Ruler,
The Grand Lodge of the Benevolent
and Protective Order of Elks,
40 Court Street,
Boston, Massachusetts

the Reverend William J. Sutherland, who delivered the principal address, Mayor Samuel A. Stroth, Anton Hanson, President of the City Council, and former Mayor Leon F. Roberts. All of the speakers commended the members of the two draft boards for their patience and efficiency in handling their duties which they performed without remuneration.

Past Exalted Ruler Joseph H. Sauerbrun headed the committee in charge of the dinner arrangements. Selections were rendered at intervals by the Elks Quartette.

Madison, Wis., Lodge Initiates A Class on District Deputy Night

On the occasion of the official visit of D.D. B. F. Magruder, of Racine Lodge, Madison, Wis., Lodge, No. 410, initiated a class of 24 new members and voted an additional appropriation of \$200 for the Elks War Fund, thus completing its payment of \$700. Madison Lodge has been engaged in various kinds of war work for many months. Its participation in the Aviation Cadet procurement program has been most successful. During the first seven months, 974 boys were examined by the Board with the following results: Qualified—Glider Pilot, 3; Photography, 7; Meteorology, 9; Engineering, 12; Armament, 13; Communications, 43; Unassigned, 35; Air Crew, 335; Physical re-check, 137; Disqualified—380. Many of those who were disqualified went into vocational school training.

Two branches of the Service are represented in Madison, the Naval Radio Training School at the University of Wisconsin where approximately 1,450 sailors and 480 Waves are in training, and the Army Air Force's Technical School. The latter, when completely manned, will train approximately 30,000 soldiers.

The Madison membership has become even more war-conscious with the appearance on the streets of thousands of men in uniform. Among these men are

many members of the Order from all parts of the country. They are warmly welcomed at the lodge home and each is accorded the privilege of entertaining one non-member guest. Applications have been received as a result of the courtesies extended. Recently, the lodge initiated three sailors, John D. Breen, for Burbank, Calif., Lodge, Dan E. Gautsch, for La Crosse, Wis., and Jerome J. Mahoney, for Lynn, Mass., Lodge, and two soldiers, Paul P. Kroeger, for Logansport, Ind., Lodge, and Lawrence Killo-ran, for Royal Oak, Mich., Lodge.

D.D. E. L. Milner Pays Official Visit to Telluride, Colo., Lodge

Telluride, Colo., Lodge, No. 692, was visited recently by Ernest L. Milner, District Deputy for Colorado, West. A turkey dinner, given in his honor and served by the Elks' ladies, was attended by 84 members and guests among whom were George W. Bruce, a member of the Grand Forum, and Frank H. Buskirk, Secy. of the Colo. State Elks Assn., Past Exalted Rulers of the District Deputy's home lodge, Montrose No. 1053. The members voluntarily oversubscribed their fifty cents per plate contribution to the dinner fund, with the result that the amount of \$65 was forwarded later as a gift to the Elks War Commission fund.

Seven candidates were initiated at the lodge meeting. William Pilcher, Exalted Ruler of Telluride Lodge, and Tiler Kenneth Goldsworthy announced that they were leaving almost immediately for service in the Navy. Three of the newly initiated members were slated for early departures in the U. S. Armed forces. In early November, No. 692, a small lodge, had more than 30 members in various branches of the Service. Twenty-nine Elks "G" Boxes had been mailed previously and on receipt of another consignment of boxes, the lodge planned to fill and send more, continuing the practice so that no member will be forgotten.

(Continued on page 44)

Flying Fortress

(Continued from page 13)

Meyer Levin, bombardier on Colin Kelly's Flying Fortress: "It was a bombardier's dream. We were flying at 22,000 feet searching for a carrier. Instead, we found a battleship in the middle of a big convoy. She had almost 100 guns and the anti-aircraft fire was terrific but those Flying Fortresses are built for the job. Fifteen seconds before I released the bombs I knew I was going to hit. I saw them hit. What a hit! The first one opened up the starboard side, the second one hit near the funnel, the third hit the portside. The next time I looked she was blazing all over. I knew then it was the Haruna. We turned and headed for home. When we caught the coastline we came down close to see. We were flying just on top of a small cloud when all hell broke loose. Two Jap fighters suddenly came up from below just on the tail and stayed there, pouring cannon and machine gun fire into us. The oxygen system caught fire, the controls gave way, we went into a power dive doing about 400 miles an hour, straight down. Captain Kelly shouted over the phone, 'Going down, bail out.' He went down with his ship."

ANTI-AIRCRAFT gunners can't see a bomber that's seven miles up in the air, up where daylight becomes a dim, dark blue twilight. Ack-ack can climb that high but not accurately. A plane flying this far up has other advantages: the air is so thin the plane can slip through faster; storms explode far below in clouds that reach their billowing ceiling at 20,000 feet.

But there are disadvantages, too. Up here in this eerie atmosphere the human being is far out of his element, without extra oxygen he will die as quickly as a fish cast upon the land. Here, too, mechanical difficulties multiply: oil becomes mush, grease coats like glue, metals shrink, rubber becomes brittle. A few weeks ago a Boeing Flying Fortress got into a sub-stratosphere flight over Europe. A Nazi cannon shell crashed through the bomber's tail wheel and shattered it as a brick shatters a plate glass window, tiny slivers of frozen rubber vanishing in thin air.

The Army Air Corps

wanted a bomber that could bomb from great heights far from ack-ack and pursuit planes, for the Air Corps knew that its men using the secret Norden bombsight could hit a 25-foot circle with five out of seven bombs from 20,000 feet, where the sub-stratosphere begins. At 35,000 or 40,000 feet, the stratosphere, this accuracy would be somewhat reduced but, after all, military objectives are a good deal larger than a 25-foot circle.

The wish of the Army Air Corps was father to the Boeing Strato-Chamber, a great steel tank where air can be pressed to gasping thinness and the temperature forced down to eighty below! The Strato-Chamber is no stunt. Dr. Walter Boothby, Mayo clinic expert in high altitude health, has called it the most complete test chamber of its kind. Army and Navy flight surgeons as well as RAF fliers visit the Strato-Chamber periodically.

WHEN Boeing test crews "go upstairs" in the Strato-Chamber they start getting ready as far as twenty-four hours in advance, eliminating from their diet such delicacies as baked beans and hot dogs, for the slightest indigestion in the stratosphere can send frightful pains shooting through the body as little gas bubbles become balloons. Then forty-five minutes before entering the

Strato-Chamber, Boeing test crews put on oxygen masks that give them that Man-from-Mars look and begin exercising, slowly driving the nitrogen out of their bloodstreams, for at high altitudes nitrogen forms painful expanding bubbles.

In the Strato-Chamber Boeing test crews have probably made more simulated "flights" over 30,000 feet than any other research group in the world. Every curious effect of thin air on men and machines has been jotted down and some of the effects are curious indeed. As an amusing sidelight consider the findings of an authentic guy called Heinz von Diringshofen, Oberstabsarzt der Luftwaffe (Flight Surgeon of the Nazi Air Force). Von Diringshofen noted with Prussian disgust that two pilots, enemies, became so intoxicated on pure oxygen that they waved gaily at each other instead of blasting each other to bits. This did not completely surprise Oberstabsarzt von Diringshofen because, on looking over the records, he discovered the exasperating story of the German aviator who became so cockeyed on a high altitude reconnaissance flight that on returning he proudly presented his squadron officer with pictures of German factories and railway centers!

A stratosphere flight can be an ordeal. The nine members of the Flying Fortress crew may have to spend from four to five hours in temperatures varying from thirteen to sixty below. To get some idea of the conditions these Flying Fortress crews face, the writer took a "flight" in the General Electric cold room at Bridgeport which, like the Boeing "cold room", tests reactions of aviation equipment at petrifying temperatures.

Before taking off I was helped into an electrically heated flying suit, the kind that well dressed Fortress crews wear in the stratosphere. It is functional rather than fashionable, resembling a pale blue suit of long underwear. And, like underwear, it is worn next to the skin. It looks innocent but running like veins through the wool are thin copper wires that carry the juice. Gloves and boots are electric, too, plugging into rubber sockets on legs and sleeves. Don't talk to me about pleated Zoot Suits!



"It's times like these when I wish I could count up to ten."

All this magical apparel is hidden under an ordinary khaki jumper. All, that is, except the "pigtail", a six foot electric cord that comes out through a slit in the leg of the jumper. I stood up, stiff, awkward, electric. Picking up my pigtail like my ancestors before me, I shook hands all around and stumbled forth to the Arctic. At General Electric, the Arctic is reached by going through a series of massive doors which open ponderously and whang shut with an air of finality. Anyone suffering from claustrophobia is advised to stay at home for in each small entry where the subject pauses, hemmed in by these enormous doors, the temperature plummets, clouds of steam rise and writhe and the subject feels as isolated as an explorer cut off from his base.

I heaved open the last door and found myself in the cold room. Instantly invisible hands clamped a clothespin on my nose, rubbed ice over my face. I groped forward in a plain room about twenty feet square lined with frosted pipes. A few wooden chairs sat incongruously under the chandelier of wires and plugs that is called "the control". I lost no time in plugging my pigtail into the control for my hands and feet had begun to ache. On a Flying Fortress each member of the crew wearing an electric suit will plug into a control on the skin of the ship near his position.

SAT down, the warm air of my breath congealing into beads of ice on my upper lip. I could see the engineer peering through a small, very thick pane of glass and his voice came over the two-way speaking device. "How do you feel?"

"Cold."

"Where?"

"Hands and feet."

"The extremities. That's the usual reaction. Do you want to know the temperature now or would you rather wait till later? Maybe you'd better wait."

This registered slowly. I felt confused, sluggish. I thought, "What's the matter with this suit . . . those poor fellows in the Flying Fortress . . . how could they ever carry out a bombing mission successfully if their hands . . ."

The engineer broke in. "You've been in five minutes."

"What's the temperature?" I said testily.

"Sixty below."

"Sixty below!" I got up and started moving, moving as far as the pig tail would permit. I thought of yanking it out and fleeing before I froze stiff. My head, feet and hands ached. I breathed with difficulty.

The engineer said, "We'll turn on the juice now."

The laughs were on me; those little rascals had been letting me freeze slowly to death.

The heat came through the suit slowly, wonderfully, a rehabilitating suffusion of warmth that spread through stomach, arms, legs, even

to the extremities. My hands which had just about reached the brittle stage felt toasted, beautifully toasted against the hot copper wires in the gloves.

How high up is sixty below? Somewhere around 34,000 feet. I knew now how a Fortress crew could feel on a high altitude bombing mission. Miserable, half frozen, sluggish, they might miss a target, become easy prey for a pursuit plane. But they'd feel pretty comfortable in electric flying suits.

Incidentally, the General Electric people recently got hold of a Nazi electric suit that had been peeled off an unwelcome visitor, via parachute to England. The Nazi pilot confessed that he had been chilly in the suit the Fatherland had given him; GE investigators found that Der Fuehrer had been characteristically skimpy with his electricity.

Another GE development which fits neatly into Boeing adventures in thin air is the famous turbo-supercharger which does for the Flying Fortress engines what the oxygen mask and the electric suit do for the crew—enables them to function in the stratosphere. Seven miles up over Germany the temperature outside the Fortress may be sixty or seventy below; inside the turbo supercharger it may be 1500 Fahrenheit—a long tongue of flame may dart out and freeze to ice on the big bomber's wings! You can appreciate the metallurgical and engineering problems involved. And therein lies a fascinating tale.

The turbo-supercharger is the life-work of Dr. Sanford Moss who is the movie director's idea of an inventor as Dr. Moss' story is the movie producer's idea of a film. Dr. Moss wears a Van Dyke which he shaves off at odd intervals to confuse his friends and on meeting you offers to match quarters—he uses a two-headed one. Dr. Moss started work on the turbo-supercharger during the last war, conducting his experiments atop Pike's Peak but the war was over before he could use it on a plane. In 1920, Major Rudolph (Shorty) Schroeder climbed into a turbo-supercharged ship, staggered up to 38,000 feet, passed out, fell five miles unconscious and woke up just in time to land safely. A few years later, outspoken General Billy Mitchell used the Moss supercharger when his airmen prophetically proved that a battleship could be sunk by high altitude bombing, the target being the old German battleship *Ostfriesland*. In both these experiments the Moss turbo-supercharger enabled the planes to climb up into the substratosphere as the Flying Fortresses would do a decade or so later.

BUT high altitude bombing and even flying got the cold shoulder for years, and the turbo-supercharger gathered dust and in 1938 when Chamberlain was waving his "peace for our time" in front of newsreel cameras, Dr. Moss, recently retired, was just a few miles away vacation-

ing in London. But he wasn't there when German bombs started to drop for he had voluntarily come out of retirement. And at seventy today he has tasted the delicious fruit of vindication as General Electric turns out flocks of turbo-superchargers for high Flying Fortresses hovering over German cities, Jap ships.

Last June turbo-superchargers were whirring over the blue Pacific. It was a warm, late Spring day but up in the Flying Fortress it was twenty-five below.

T. COL. WALTER SWEENEY, leader of a Flying Fortress squadron at the historic Battle of Midway: "We first contacted the enemy far out in the Pacific the afternoon of June 3. There were over twenty Jap ships lined up in columns with the big ships in the center. We circled to the West and came in with the sun at our backs. When the Japs sighted us all the ships started twisting and turning frantically. We picked out the biggest one and laid our bombs in a pattern. We got direct hits on two cruisers and a battleship. On the interplane radios the gang was full of life and pep. We flew back, landed, got the ships in shape and snatched a little sleep—pilots can't doze off in the air like other members of the crew.

"We hopped off the next morning at dawn to attack the same force. We climbed way up and after a while radio orders told us to attack an even larger force closer to Midway. Navigator Bill Adams of California worked out the new course and told me we'd be there in thirty-four minutes. We hit it to the minute, sighting the Jap fleet through a break in the clouds below us. There were big battle lines, destroyers outside, cruisers and battleships in the middle. Away back were the carriers. We picked the carriers and the minute our bomb bays opened, ack-ack came up. The Jap ships started a frantic zigzag but our bombs blanketed a carrier, sending up flame and smoke. Our bombardier said, 'My God, that ack-ack looks beautiful through this telescope.' It looked beautiful all right but also dangerous. A few Zeros came up but we lost them quickly due to our speed. We streaked back to our base, refuelled and took off again. Bill Adams did a swell job of navigating and we found them again at four P. M. All their carriers were hit so we picked out the biggest ship we could find, a heavy cruiser, and hit it directly amidships. When we got back to the base we needed a rest so Col. Brook Allen and his squadron took over. I am sold on the effectiveness of high level bombing. Nothing can escape us if we get enough Flying Fortresses; we can lay bombs in patterns no ships can avoid. We all had a grand time."

Radio Tokio also commented on the Flying Fortresses at Midway after Jap fighter pilots had reported the speed of the American bomber: "The American B-17 (the Boeing Flying

Fortress) is a four engined *pursuit* plane used for all purposes and proved to be very effective."

Into the Flying Fortress have gone nine long years of patient research. That work is still going on today. Take Boeing test flights:

Flight testing is a romantic occupation in which a swaggering daredevil takes up a new untried ship, wiggles its ailerons and goes into a nine G dive. If the plane doesn't fold like an accordion, the company gets a nice fat order, the mortgage is lifted and the guy gets the girl who tearfully persuades him to take a front office job.

It may be Hollywood, but it ain't Boeing. At Boeing the test flight of a Flying Fortress may cost as much as \$1,000 an hour. That's too much moolah to permit romance and monkeyshines. The reason for the high cost is the size of the plane and the large number of men in the engineering test crew. You've seen the Fortress in the air, you can imagine how it looks close up in the factory. Its leakproof gas tanks, which seal themselves when a Nazi or Jap bullet penetrates, contain 1200 pounds of rubber.

This battleship of the air is a big, expensive bomber and test flights can't be run off for each individual item. Let's say a new type of propeller is going to be tested, a propeller that can take a deeper bite out of thin air. The first step would be to fit out a Test Group Fortress with the new propeller. Meanwhile, other new items are assembled and earmarked for this flight. Finally a ten-man crew under a Flight Engineer takes the Fortress off the ground. The new propeller is tested at 25-, 30-, 35,000 feet. To record its performance and that of the other new items, tiny, high-speed cameras spotted throughout the big bomber click their shutters under remote control from the Flight Engineer's compartment. On landing, the test flight crew holds a class in a hangar where a typist shorthand notes which are mimeographed later while the pictures are being developed. Some parts may be accepted, others, like the new propeller, might be tested over a series of flights.

Test flights are endless because changes must be constantly made in air war where both sides are fighting furiously for an advantage. Things happen fast in aviation and it's up to the designers and builders of a great bomber to keep up the terrific pace. In the old days auto autocrats took a leisurely two to six months to make a design change. If you took that long in aviation an industrial district might be reduced to rubble by the enemy; a big battle, perhaps even the war, lost. Boe-

ing gets an Army Air Forces order straight from the battlefield and makes radical changes in two weeks—one week to make the design, the second week to transform it to rivets and metal. The auto industry used hard steel for dies; Boeing uses something called Kirksite, a zinc base metal that is melted and cast in Boeing's own foundry. Kirksite shrinks a little but when the casting sand is knocked off and the metal polished, the die is ready to mould thousands of new parts. Here's an example of the time it saves: It was discovered a long time ago that the Fortress needed a "stinger" in its tail, a sharp-eyed gunner with two .50 calibre machine guns. This entailed an armored door which, when first built at Boeing, required a "jig", a rather complicated steel fixture, not to mention the welding and riveting of 26 separate parts. Kirksite dies fixed this. Gunners' doors are stamped out on Kirksite dies in a matter of seconds. The introduction of heavy machinery has cut time all along the line. For instance it used to take thirty minutes for a drop hammer to make the cowl that fits over the bomber's exhaust. With a multiple action press this part is now made in fifteen seconds!

It is impossible to say how many Flying Fortresses are built every month. The stream was considerably widened last May when Fortresses started rolling off the lines at Douglas and Vega. In order to bring greater productive forces to bear on the Boeing Flying Fortress, Boeing has licensed Douglas and Vega to produce the Boeing-pioneered Flying Fortress.

Don't ask me what the latest Flying Fortress can do. But I can tell you what a Flying Fortress can do. It can carry many tons of bombs, provide a steady, stratosphere platform for the Norden bombsight and attack at such a speed and at such height that pursuit planes meet it under great handicaps. Moreover, these Boeing Bombers fly in such a formation that the .50 calibre machine guns on these battleships of the air are massed in a curtain of fire

that will singe the wings of attacking fighters at a thousand yards. And don't forget that a fighter has to come in much closer than that to shoot effectively.

But don't take my word for it. Listen to Major Tibbett of Miami:

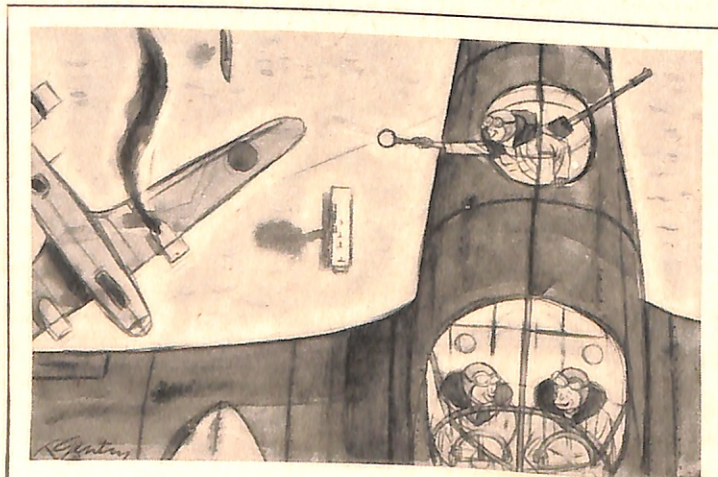
"The old Fortress is built like the Brooklyn Bridge. We get in and out so fast, that after the second Fortress raid over Europe the Germans put their number one pursuit ships, Focke-Wulf 190's in against us. They fill us full of holes but they can't shoot us down. That old baby can take all they've got and still get home. Just between us girls, she is it, the Queen of the Bombers."

What about the young men who fly these Boeing Flying Fortresses, what are they like? Let's look at them, not through our prejudiced eyes but through those of an English observer, visitor to a Flying Fortress base in England. "These young Americans are not boastful but they are quietly confident. They are large men, the smaller men fly the fighter planes. You can feel democracy in their mess when they gather at lunch and dinner. In the RAF we wear our full uniforms which at times can be pretty irksome. The Americans come into mess in all sorts of clothes—if it's too hot they simply take off their coats. They have something we lack, a most refreshing something. Perhaps their lack of tradition, their lack of feudal background, has something to do with it. In any case they have achieved a recognition of authority without a sense of superiority."

Lt. Frank Beadle of Michigan: "It felt damned good to show 'em we could really do it. The plane stretched out for a dead duck bombing run. I began sighting. We got closer. Then I could pick out the target clearly. I aimed at the freight yards, stuck my head against the side of the plane and watched the bombs go down. I saw them go right through the yards and blow up freight cars and everything. Bull's eye! We got 'em dead! I was pretty excited and yelling so much I forgot everything except ack-ack and pursuit ships. We bombed between the river and a bunch of houses and didn't even destroy one house. We carried out our own scorched earth policy. We just wiped out the plane dispersal point, ammunition and fuel dumps and ruined forty planes on the ground. With the stability of the Flying Fortress and the Norden bombsight, we can drop a bomb in Hitler's lap."

Here is the Office of War Information's official report on this great plane:

"BOEING B-17 (FLYING FORTRESS)—A tried and thoroughly tested model with an unequalled combat record (four engines, air-



"It may seem silly—but he's downed 6 bombers this week with that darned magnifying glass."

cooled, turbo-supercharged), the B-17 is essentially a high-altitude, long-range bomber designed for precision destruction of restricted targets at great ranges. Often compared, sometimes unfavorably, with the British Lancaster, it is not in the same category.

"While it is primarily designed for day bombing, it is easily convertible in the field for night bombing at lower altitudes and shorter ranges,

with greater loads. This dual function is not possible with the specially designed, slower night bombers.

"The Lancaster is designed for night bombing, hence has much less altitude and speed performance, but is capable of carrying a heavier bomb load on short and middle distance missions. In its armament equipment, the B-17 has been most inaccurately characterized as deficient. The fact is that it is one of the most

heavily armed bombers in the world.

"It has indicated by its work in the Pacific and over Europe as well, that it can carry out high altitude day-bombing missions under the protection of its own guns and without fighter escort. Gunners in Flying Fortresses have shown that its destructive, high-rate .50 caliber machine guns have greatly extended the effective range of the bomber's defensive fire."

Patrick Henry and the Frigate's Keel

(Continued from page 17)

Then he stood by the prow, and the vessel turned like a thing alive and bounded for Boston town.

Well, you never heard a town mutter and nag the way Boston town did when the *Constitution* sailed into port. You would have never thought that this was the place where they had manufactured great things, like the American Revolution. They sat in the coffee houses and complained, "He should have known better than to run the blockade . . . Now he's in, he'll never get out . . . Old Isaac's a thickhead, no mistake . . . He ruined the little navy we have . . . They're like to keep him bottled up here the rest of the war . . ."

Old Isaac smiled and nodded, and invited a few of the leading men in town to come aboard his vessel. He led them down into the hold and told them to listen. They listened, and memories of the old days returned. They heard the singing of an old tune called "Yankee Doodle." They heard the soft voices of men sitting the winter at Valley Forge. Some of them remembered. Then they heard the song of a chase, telling them how on the way to Boston, the *Constitution* had scampered away from an entire English squadron, as if there were no wind except for her own sails.

AMONG these leading men of Boston, there was one old man whose name was Paul Revere, a keen Yankee businessman with a nose for new industries, like smelting copper. Well, he listened with scornful eyes, the way a hard-headed Yankee's eyes should be, and he heard a sound different from the other sounds; it was like the drumming of a horse's hoofs, the cry of the horse's rider shouting, "Awake! Awake! The British are coming!"

Well, those leading men went back to Boston, and with them they took a breath of the spirit of liberty, and you never saw anything like the change that came over the Boston townfolk. They toasted Isaac left and right, and they toasted the *Constitution*, and they flocked on board, and then they flocked back to town laughing at the British navy.

As my grandmother said, Isaac saw that he had spent enough time setting Boston town back on its feet,

and that it was time for him to go out and lick the British navy good and proper. So he set his sails, and rode out of Boston harbor with his glass at his eye.

Now meantime, the British were having a good laugh at the American navy. They pointed out that the *Constitution* was hardly more than a bundle of pine boards with some striped bunting over it, and hardly worth engaging with anything more than a catboat. They were in a rare mood for humor.

So was old Isaac, for that matter, and he kept his glass glued to his eye until he sighted the *Guerriere*, an English frigate of some thirty-eight guns. He invited her to battle, and she swung to meet him. Isaac waited until the two vessels were within pistol shot of each other, and then he opened with all guns. Fifteen minutes later, the *Guerriere* was foundering. Her mizzen-mast was shot away, her hull was splintered and her rigging was torn to pieces. Now the *Constitution* fouled her, plucked off her bowsprit and shot away her mainmast.

She surrendered, and, looking at his own ship, which was hardly damaged, Isaac muttered something about it being a beginning. The *Guerriere* was too damaged to save.

Isaac sailed to New York, then, for he thought that there was a place where the breath of the spirit of liberty was sore needed. There, until Isaac anchored his vessel, it was the same as it had been in Boston, muttering and grumbling and no faith in anything. But when Isaac had been there a day or two, what with men of the city coming on and off the frigate, the tune was changed.

After that, Isaac sailed back to Boston, but the news of his victory had preceded him. They gave him a banquet and they toasted him, and none was better in the toasting than Paul Revere himself.

WELL, the way my grandmother tells it, Isaac could see that the spirit of liberty was coming back into the land, and since he had already gotten enough to last him, it was time another stepped onto the poop deck of the *Constitution*. So he gallantly surrendered command of her to Captain William Bainbridge.

By now, there was no lack of patriots, because the spirit of liberty was being spread up and down the land. Right off, you could see the change, the way people pricked up with hope. However, certain men knew the story of Patrick Henry sitting down to rest, and these men were worried that perhaps the *Constitution* might sink one of these days and take the spirit of liberty along with it.

They went to Bainbridge and they warned him solemnly, and then they went below with him, into the hold of the *Constitution*, where he laid both his hands on the wood of the keel. Then he knew things that he hadn't known before.

It may be that my grandmother was wrong about the *Java*; but she said that this English frigate was the finest vessel England had ever launched upon the seas. All of shining steel were her cannon, laid over with gold to show England's majesty and pride; all of rich mahogany was her woodwork, and her stern was inlaid with gold and ivory. They built boats differently in those days, and you can see where such a vessel would sneer at the *Constitution*, which was only pine boards and some teak.

When Bainbridge came in sight of the *Java*, the proud English officers aboard her laughed and wondered whether it paid to struggle with such a poor enemy. But Bainbridge bore down on them, and soon not even laughter could be heard above the thunder of guns. And at first things didn't go too well with us, for the steering gear of the *Constitution* was shot away.

Then the spirit of liberty came out of the keel and filled the sails, and the *Constitution* rode without a rudder, pouring her shot into the *Java*.

That battle lasted a long time. With the defeat of the *Guerriere*, England had only been humbled on the seas, but the loss of this second frigate would be a fearful blow. As my grandmother says, the English sailors felt the spirit of liberty and lost heart. The battle lasted about two and a half hours, and when it was over, the *Java* hauled down her colors.

Well, Bainbridge returned to Boston, and there wasn't enough that

they could do for him. The country had shaken off its despair, and almost every person you met had some small part of the spirit of liberty that old Isaac Hull had loosed from the *Constitution*. You wouldn't believe that a thing could be spread so thoroughly and so quickly. In the taverns, in the coffee houses, everywhere, they spoke of nothing else. As for the *Constitution*—well, people went around saying that we didn't need a navy so long as we had the *Constitution*.

YOU may be sure the British didn't take all this too well. Here, for hundreds of years they had been talking about the staunch wooden walls of England; here, for longer than any man could remember they had been sole masters of the seas, and here they were no longer masters of the seas, but made to look very foolish by a single crew of Yankees. It wasn't as if a navy had defeated them, because you couldn't rightly call the *Constitution*, just one frigate, a navy. The English looked around and said to themselves, "Time to do something, else we'll be the laughingstock of the whole world. These Yankees are such confounded upstarts that first they take a country away from us, and now they're running our navy off the seas with a bundle of pine boards." That was just about what they said to themselves, and they were pretty hot.

As my grandmother says, they be-

gan to look around and see just what was what. They sent their men into America, and told them to find out just how the *Constitution* was built, and also to find out about this Yankee stubbornness that made them up and lick a person who had them down. They sent them mostly to Boston, not only because the *Constitution* was anchored there, but because in those times everyone knew that Boston was a prime place for manufacturing gunpowder, revolutions, uprisings and minor struggles for the rights of man. Well, the Englishmen came to Boston, snooped around, spoke to one person and another, visited places like Paul Revere's shop, Breed's Hill, where the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought, and the old belfry tower. But with all their visiting, they couldn't find out anything except that the *Constitution* was built mostly of pine.

Now the Englishman is kind of stubborn himself, and a lot of people say that's where the Yankee stubbornness came from originally and that once a good many Yankees, were English—although my grandmother doesn't think so. Anyway, these Englishmen kept on until they got to visit the *Constitution*, and by passing themselves off as Virginia men, they got down into the hold where they heard the voice of the spirit of liberty. Some say that listening to this voice, they remembered a man whose name was Wat Tyler, and something else called the Magna Carta. That may be so.

When these Englishmen came back to England, King George called them up and said, "Now, what is it those Yankees have that makes them so confoundedly annoying?"

"Why, Mr. King," they answered, "it seems that down in the hold of that frigate they call the *Constitution*, they have the spirit of liberty."

"What spirit of liberty?" King George wanted to know, thinking that most of this was stuff and nonsense.

"Why, the same spirit of liberty we had at one time, Mr. King, only it seems kind of used to America and talking up their ways."

Well, the king hemmed and hawed and finally dismissed them, and maybe he had them punished a bit for taking in so much Yankee nonsense. Only, as my grandmother says, he got to thinking afterward that perhaps there was something to their talk. He didn't want the spirit of liberty back, but he thought it would be a good thing if it were put away at the bottom of the ocean where it couldn't raise any rumpus. So he let it be known around, here and there, that it would be a good thing if the *Constitution* were destroyed.

WHEN the good people of Boston town heard that, they laughed, and all up and down America there was more of the same kind of laughter. By this time, they were so filled with the spirit of liberty that they just didn't have any doubts. They knew that England was merely talking big, and they knew that all the English navy couldn't chase the *Constitution* from the seas. It got to be that you would bump into a patriot in America every few steps you took, and they were the real old-fashioned kind of patriots, with fire flashing from their eyes; and if you sat down in any coffee house, offhand, you could sit all night and listen to talk about the rights of man. Things were picking up.

Now the people of Boston got ready to send the *Constitution* off again, and this time it was under the command of Captain Charles Stewart. You might think that Will Bainbridge and old Isaac would have been unwilling to give up command of the ship that way, but in those old days men were different. The spirit of liberty got into them, and they thought more about their country and freedom than they did about themselves. So Will and Isaac, who had had enough of the spirit of liberty, were glad to let Charley Stewart take his turn at it.

Well, the sails filled, and the *Constitution* scudded away with the ropes singing "Yankee Doodle". People said that the *Constitution* raced over the waves like a bird, and at the prow, scanning the horizon for a British vessel, was Charley Stewart.

You may be sure that it wasn't too many days before a British boat was captured. And then another. And then she sailed back to Boston harbor, the British glad enough to be



"Yeah—sure."

rid of her. My grandmother says that old King George became so nervous that all you had to do was to mention the *Constitution* and he turned white as a ghost. It even got to a point where a good many Americans began to feel sorry for the British, the way their whole proud navy was being run off the seas by just one old pine-board frigate.

Well, it went on that way, with the *Constitution* capturing boat after boat until the war was over. The British sort of curled up and granted that it wasn't any use fighting with stubborn, senseless Yankees. They made their peace with us, and the *Constitution* sailed into Boston harbor, and the people cheered their heads off at her. They cheered for a long time, and then they got some rope and tied the frigate up to a dock.

AS my grandmother says, people have a way of forgetting. You wouldn't believe how quickly they forgot about the spirit of liberty and about Patrick Henry sitting down to rest on the keel timbers of the *Constitution*. Instead, they were picking apart Patrick Henry's speeches, to show you that he didn't really mean what he said.

Time passed, and things weren't so bad as long as some of the spirit of liberty remained in some of the people. These people kept things going. But about that time, the country began to spread, and it was a wonder to see the way people flocked west and kept flocking west. Folks got spread out, and along with that the spirit of liberty became thinner and thinner.

And then, just the way it had been before—different parts of the country began scrapping like cats and dogs. It was enough to make a body sick, the way folks forgot the things they had fought for a long time back. And the *Constitution* didn't get about to keep spreading the spirit of liberty; it just stayed tied up to a dock in Boston, gathering green weeds and barnacles all over its bottom.

Finally, it came to a pass where just about nobody had any of the spirit of liberty left in them. Things had gone from bad to worse, and the government at Washington said to itself, "Here's an old frigate called the *Constitution* rotting away in Boston Harbor, with us paying out money for a man to watch it. It's a nuisance and an eyesore and it gets in the way of things. Why don't we break it up and sell it for old fire wood?"

Well, you can see what a pass things had come to when they decided to go ahead and get rid of the *Constitution*. Instead of the people standing up and raising their voices against it, they just nodded their heads and agreed that it was an economical thing to do.

And it might have been done, except for the poet. This poet was a very wise man, and he had heard about the spirit of liberty, and he set out to find it. Of course, he didn't know about the *Constitution*, because folks forgot that the spirit of liberty had ever resided in that old, rotten hulk, but he did know that at one time the spirit of liberty had blown like a fresh wind through the land, and that now it was gone. He made up his mind that if he found the spirit of liberty he would put it into a song, and that the song would be on everyone's lips.

HE set off to search for it, and he had a mighty hard time. He went about asking folks if they had heard about the spirit of liberty, and people looked at him as if he were crazy. They explained to him very carefully that a man had enough to do making a living and putting away a little for the future to be bothering about the spirit of liberty. Those were good Yankee qualities, they explained to him. When he insisted that the spirit of liberty was a Yankee quality too, they turned around and stared and said they were a lot too busy to bother with the likes of him.

Well, he became so downright dis-

couraged that he decided to give it all up. He turned around to go home, and when he got home, he read in the papers how they were going to break up the *Constitution* and sell her for old wood because no one cared for her anymore.

He said to himself, "I reckon I'll see the old boat before she goes down. Like enough, there soon won't be anything of the old times left." And with that he took himself off right away to Boston Harbor.

NOW when he came to the *Constitution*, even the watchman had gone. The government figured there was no use keeping a watchman on a lot of old pine boards that were about to be sold for fire wood. The poet came on deck and stood there, and from somewhere he heard a sound that was like the voices of men singing. He followed the sound—into the dark hold, right down to the keel. He stood there, bending his head to listen, and when he had listened a while, he knew more than he had known before.

He heard a song, and when he left the *Constitution*, his head was full of that song. He wrote it down, and it began this way, "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down—" He sent that song to a newspaper, and the newspaper published it, and everyone who read it breathed in the spirit of liberty, which the poet had put into a song.

Before you knew it, there was an army of folks up and down the land telling the government that they wouldn't stand to have the old frigate broken up for firewood. And after the government people had breathed in some of the spirit of liberty, they were glad to leave the old vessel alone.

So there she stands to this day—same pine boards, same keel timbers, same old canvas. And all day long, people go in and out of her, and when they come away, they take some of the glowing, living spirit of liberty along with them.

98% Purer

(Continued from page 9)

Pacific. It would, indeed, be downright indecent if it were. In this respect the war has stripped sports of the passionate interest formerly lavished upon them. Football literature during the season just concluded was conspicuously lacking in the traditional tributes to the heroes' raw, red courage and you'll see little of such gushy mush during the basketball, baseball, golf and tennis seasons coming up.

Terse, factual reports from Guadalcanal, North Africa, England and the Russian front have given all of us new perspectives on gallantry and bravery.

Yet one year of war cannot uproot completely the entrenched in-

terests and habits of a generation. America, before the war, was nuts about sports. The extent of the balmy, bemused attention we gave games was investigated recently by the United States Department of Commerce and the figures would not be lost in the shuffle at Washington even in these times.

Last year Americans spent—and, remember, these are official government figures—\$175,000,000 on admissions to sport shows and contests. In 1929, at the giddy peak of the boom, the figure was \$73,000,000; in a dozen years interest in sports, as reflected at the box-office, increased 130 percent. The \$175,000,000 was by no means the total tab

for sports; that was only the amount taken in at the gate. Such little items as \$94,000,000 left at bowling alleys and billiard parlors—up 250 percent in ten years—\$18,000,000 in golf fees and the bill for equipment must be added.

The Office of War Information has come through with another set of figures which are equally illustrative of the average American's preoccupation with sports. The OWI nightly cables 3,000 words to the *Stars and Stripes*, the soldiers' and sailors' daily newspaper printed in London. Of these 3,000 words, 1,500 are devoted exclusively to sports. The men in the service demand it. The OWI similarly cables 1,800 words a

night to *Round-Up*, the service paper printed in New Delhi, India. The proportion given sports in the Far Eastern and Pacific theatres is even greater—1,300 words. Every week-end during the season the scores of 100 football games were cabled overseas. The boys clamored for more.

Apart from letters written by his family and best girl, John Dough-boy's and George Gob's strongest tie with home seems to be incorporated in sports. What about those of us on the home front? In times of great emotional stress such as these, it is normal to expect a sharp decline in attendance at mere games. There has been a decline, but not nearly as sharp as the least pessimistic estimate anticipated. The over-all slump certainly is not greater than 20 percent, and the five million men in the service account for a large part of it.

There is every reason to suspect, furthermore, that there has been no sloughing off of interest, as expressed by attendance. Maybe we're not looking in the proper places for the crowds. Accustomed as we are to looking only to the stars and the big-name teams, we cannot see the expanding forest for the young, growing trees. We fail to recognize a new and exciting trend in sports because we have been looking down our critical noses at neighborhood teams, at the boys and girls who call plants such as Zollner and Grumman alma mater.

We call it a new trend only because it is so old that it is new to this, and the preceding, generation. We call it an exciting trend because it pre-sages the democratization of sports and heralds the tremendous athletic boom that invariably follows a war.

DON'T laugh off the teams, sponsored by factories and unions and informal groups, that are cropping up in ever-increasing numbers; don't sneer at them as small-time, no-account stuff. Some of them are first-rate outfits and they'll improve. Their men still have the urge to hit a ball over the fence or sink a basket from midcourt and they'll be given the opportunity to satisfy it on company teams. Industry has discovered a common, rooting bond in a team is great for shop morale. It is even better for the future of sports.

In addition to creating a host of new fans, industrial and neighborhood teams will perform a service of far greater significance. Given proper encouragement, they will help broaden the basic appeal of sports.

Apart from baseball and boxing, an athlete's success or personal prestige is predicated largely upon attendance at a college. The colleges alone can give a boy the coaching, facilities, leisure and incentive he needs to gain proficiency. This is particularly true in football—how many sandlotters are there in the professional leagues?—basketball and track, and is becoming increasingly true in tennis.

Baseball and boxing alone take ob-

scure kids off the farms and out of the slums and raise them to championship estate without a preliminary polishing at college. We wouldn't know for sure, but baseball and boxing may derive its strong, unyielding pull on the masses from the humble origins of the majority of its best performers.

The tendency in other sports is to snoot everything as bush-league except flossy college and top-flight professional activity. This is as stupid as it is dangerous. No more than two percent of the population holds a college degree. In 1938, a peak year, there were only 752,127 male students matriculated at institutions of higher learning in this country.

The result of such pseudo-snobbery is painfully clear. A vast field of potential athletic talent is left untapped and the point was emphasized repeatedly before Herr Hitler liquidated the Olympic Games—among other things. You will have to agree, we believe, that track and field is the most fundamental of all sports. Further, there was an honest, genuine effort to make the American track squad truly representative of the entire country.

THE achievements of Americans competing against the pick of the world were inspiring technically and pretty depressing socially. From 1924 to 1936, every one of America's 36 Olympic champions was a college man, with one exception. He was Lee Barnes, who tied for the pole-vault title in 1924 when he was a student at Hollywood High School.

The following table further highlights the despotic domination of the colleges on Olympic track teams:

	College Men	
	% Team	% Points
1896	100	100
1900	97	97.3
1904	68.2	70
1906	42.8	45
1908	60	56
1912	57	64
1920	68	75
1924	75.6	85.3
1928	84.1	90.4
1932	86.7	98.6
1936	87.3	100

Look at the four teams which represented the United States from 1904 through 1912. See how many non-college men made the teams; observe how well they fared against the finest athletes of all the nations.

The high standard of American performance in those Olympic Games did not suffer because our representatives did not have a distinguished college background. Indeed, the supremacy of the United States never was more pronounced, for our young men won more than half the championships contested at both sets of games. Nor was it sheer coincidence that we were so strong in 1906 and 1908, for that was the era when athletic clubs, catering to the man in the street, flourished and prospered.

The most notable example of the

old athletic club was the Irish-American A.C. and nothing like it, for color and class, has been seen since. Working men joined the Irish-Americans, were coached in their specialties and presently became champions of the world. Considering the handicaps confronting the "Irish", it is astonishing that the club was able to win a sectional title. The members did most of their training on week-ends and had to travel half a day to Celtic Park in Long Island City, a spot still rather inaccessible to New Yorkers.

Yet the Irish, with eight first places in the 1908 Olympics at London, outscored the rest of the world and placed enough men to win the championship for the United States without the assistance of any other group. Of the eight champions contributed by the Irish-Americans, only one, H. F. Porter, winner in the high jump, was a college man. Peerless Mel Sheppard, winner of the 800 and 1500 meter runs; Martin Sheridan, winner in the modern and Greek style discus throws; Johnny Hayes, triumphant over Dorando, the Italian, in the most dramatic marathon since Pheidippides; Charley Bacon in the 400-meter hurdles, and John Flanagan in the hammer throw put the Irish on top of the world in 1908 and very nearly did it again four years later at Stockholm.

What man has done, man can do. Analysis of the preceding table shows that until 1920, non-college Olympians kept pace with the athletic aristocrats in direct ratio to their numbers on the team. They can do it again, but our sports system will not become 98 percent purer as long as all emphasis is focused upon the two percent in college.

The ironic part of the whole thing is that the most expensive phase of a more comprehensive program already is in existence. There are hundreds of fine playgrounds, fields, gymnasias and pools open to the public throughout the country. But the facilities are not enough. The boys and men who use them must be given good coaching by experienced men. The colleges and professional leagues have cornered the best coaches, of course. Yet there are ten thousand old blues who fancy themselves as experts and would get a kick from coaching the neighbors' children after hours. Most of them would be glad to do it for free or for a very small fee. There is no nut as ardent as a sports nut dreaming of a champion fashioned with his own hands.

Americans, inevitably, are going to give sports greater attention. The 40-hour week and social theories put into practice will yield more leisure and greater pay-checks, but the direct benefits of sports still leave untouched the overwhelming bulk of the people. Once it was demonstrated that there is no athletic aristocracy, a few things being nearly equal. The identical point can be proved again, provided the working man and boy are given, or are encouraged to give themselves, half a chance.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 19)

brother she isn't distracted by every feather-blown fancy. She's the homebody of the two, more jealous of her home and swift to resent intrusion. For these reasons she's likely to be the more dangerous in her attack on the midnight prowler. On the contrary, Mr. Fido too often merely regards his home as an operating base for sorties in search of adventure. As a rule, the female possesses greater restraint and is less inclined to tax her owner's patience with frequent and frivolous demands for an airing. Naturally, this makes her the cleaner of the two. And, admittedly, she'll fight, but seldom, if ever, without cause. Her disposition isn't marked by the insouciance of her brother and she's less likely to quarrel for the fun of it. But when she does go to war, she can be every bit as game and just as damaging. Her maternal instinct, whether she's had puppies or not, usually makes her a better guardian for children. She's more gentle and often more alert to their safety and makes a right amiable playmate.

TIME and again prospective dog owners have left a kennel convinced that the kennel man or woman had larceny in his or her heart when recommending the female as against the male. But not so. The kennel owner knows from experience that the lady of the species is likely to have the edge on the gentleman as a house pet because she has all of his virtues with some few exclusive to herself.

Only twice a year does she go romantic. For about three weeks each time, she'll be in season. (Her detractors overlook the fact that Mr. Fido has an eye for the ladies at all times.) Only during the second week of this period will she readily accept a mate. Throughout these weeks she should be strictly chaperoned. She should be exercised at all times on a leash if those airings are on a public thoroughfare. If you have a dog-proof back yard, then this is all right. But be absolutely sure that there is no way for her to get out of it or anyway for a boy friend to get into it. To avoid having your home become a port of call by wandering gallants, break the trail to and from it for about fifty yards by carrying her when you take her for a walk. If you live in an apartment house, then forget this. Her scent at this time which informs the gentleman of her condition isn't perceptible at much distance, and in most cases isn't at all noticeable to her owner or other people. When she's indoors, confine her to one of your least-used rooms but be sure that she stays confined. If you have a warm, dry, fairly well-lighted cellar, that is excellent.

If you haven't the time or patience to exercise these few simple safe-

guards, then wish the problem off on a boarding kennel. The cost is very reasonable. But be sure that the kennel is one that is kept up to the highest standards, is clean, free from disease and whose owner is known to be reliable and trustworthy. I've known of one or two instances where carelessness of a kennel attendant resulted in the unwanted breeding of the female boarder.

SO MUCH for the precautions. Now, how about those many in-between-seasons months? For the benefit of the few who may not know (or are there any who don't?) the lady is completely indifferent to courtship. She's more likely to resent it. Nor is the gentleman seriously interested in her—if he's a normal dog. The truth is that a mating during those months is physically impossible. They may romp together freely and the only evidence that the erstwhile boy friend recognizes a sex distinction is in the slavish respect he accords any outburst of temper she may direct his way. Yes, indeed, when the lady isn't thinking about Cupid she's very much the Boss of the male.

Now if you have a Mrs. Fido and want the stork to visit her or through accident have permitted that to happen, let's note what should be done. At the risk of seeming a common scold and a tedious fellow, I am going to sound off again on the matter of permitting a dog to run loose at all times—or any time. In the first place it is dangerous to the dog. More dogs are injured or killed by automobiles because of this than through almost any other cause. Again, it is the free-running dog that is likely to become a menace to all other dogs. He or she are the doggie disease carriers. The consensus of opinion is—and I string along with it—that if all dogs were properly restrained, rabies (hydrophobia) would become

as obsolete as the bubonic plague. Distemper, too, might go by the boards. I say "might" because nobody knows what causes that often fatal sickness. The tragedy of thousands of unwanted puppies would be avoided because there would be no back-alley romances. But when such do occur, the owners of the lady dogs rarely know about them in time to prepare for the accouchement. On the other hand, the owner of Mrs. Fido, who deliberately arranges a wedding for her has plenty of time to prepare for the arrival of the little family. He'll note the date of the mating and keep track of that date.

FROM sixty to sixty-one days following, the puppies will be born. Among the dog-wise this is termed whelping. Some time before this is due, the careful owner will arrange to have a veterinarian on call in the event of emergency. If the whelping period goes over the sixty-three day mark, then the dog's doctor had better be sent for. Over-prolonged whelping may kill the mother and pups too. There is no reason for this tragedy if proper steps have been taken in time.

Prior to the whelping, a box for this purpose should be built. This is simple. Any man or woman who knows which is the business end of a hammer can do this. The size of the box, of course, depends upon the size of the dog. But it should be comfortably large. For a medium-size dog, the heft of a setter, the box should be about three feet wide and a little more than that long. This is for the whelping compartment only. Attached to this there should be another compartment about two and a half feet wide and the same length as the one first mentioned. The walls of the whelping division should be about twelve inches high. Those of the second compartment, about eight or nine inches. This second compartment is



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject". This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It costs only 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York.

for the mother's rest-room, to escape when the puppies become too annoying, to give her rest periods between nursing. The twelve-inch walls of the whelping box prevent the pups from climbing out after her. The height is sufficient to keep them confined until they're weaned, although there's always one rascal in a litter, stronger, bolder than the rest, who may stage an escape.

THE best bedding is a thick mat of newspapers or papers torn or shredded. I prefer the mat as being less messy. All through the nursing and weaning periods this bedding is best because it can easily be destroyed when soiled—which it will be, plenty. It's a sanitary measure to put underneath this bedding a square of linoleum which can be scrubbed and aired from time to time. I should have mentioned that the whelping box should be about two or three inches off the floor. It should be draft-tight on all sides. Inside of this it is well to have a rail projecting two inches on the four walls. This will keep the mother's back sufficiently away from the walls and thus prevent her smothering any pup that may creep in back of her.

Puppy litters may range from only one youngster (yes, one pup is technically considered a litter) to as many as eighteen, depending upon the breed. Irish Setters, for example, usually have large families. Smaller dogs, such as wire-haired terriers, average from five to six to the litter.

When whelping time approaches, Mrs. Fido should be carefully watched. No opportunity should be allowed to present itself for her to escape unattended. Some prospective mothers have a yearning to go off to a hidden place and there make their nests. All of them, with few exceptions, if given blankets or newspapers for bedding will scratch and tear either, in an effort to make such a nest.

The place of whelping must be dry, fairly warm and entirely free from drafts. Room temperature had best be around seventy degrees . . . seventy-two is better.

It is well to have a third box ready with another thick bedding of papers, preferably the shredded kind at this time. A hot water bottle or electrical heating pad should be placed under the bedding. If a bottle, the water should

not be too hot; if a pad, then only low or medium heat should be turned on. The idea is to get a gentle, warm glow. This third box is to put the first arrivals into while the mother is whelping any subsequent brothers or sisters.

Prior to the beginning of labor the mother's breasts should be washed with a solution of water and baking soda. This should not be too strong. It is a cleansing agent and mildly antiseptic.

When the whelping begins, every one other than the person who normally takes care of the dog should be excluded from the room. Strangers and even others known to the dog may disturb her. There should be no loud conversation or other noises in her vicinity. If by chance you who read this are going to be the midwife then DON'T get excited. Your excitement may be communicated to the dog and she's going to have all she can do to attend to the job at hand without having anything else to contend with.

THE only other equipment necessary should include a pair of rubber gloves (if you can get them), a number of fairly large, clean cloths, a small bottle of iodine and a pair of sharp scissors with blunt ends.

When the whelping begins and at times when there seems to be difficulty, it may help the mother to

stroke her back in a direction from her neck toward the rear. Speak quietly and soothingly to her. If she shows signs of becoming exhausted, give her a little warm milk with a slight dash of brandy added to it.

The puppies may arrive at intervals from several minutes apart to as many hours.

If left alone, the normal, healthy mother will attend to everything herself, but sometimes we find dogs that do need assistance. That's why I list certain necessary equipment to have on hand.

WHEN the puppies arrive they enter the world in a protective, membranous sac which the unassisted momma promptly tears open with her teeth. Here's where the emergency may arise. If she doesn't have savvy enough—and some few don't—to do this herself, her midwife will have to assist by using the scissors to cut it. This should be done quickly to get the pup out of the sac, as a delay may result in a smothered pooch. More often, too, the mother will sever the naval cord and take care of the after-birth by the simple expedient of eating it. Gruesome? Not at all. This is Nature's Way. It is held that this furnishes certain needed chemicals to the mother's milk. If the midwife has to cut the cord it should be severed to leave about three-quarters of an inch remaining on the puppy's tummy. Be sure that the scissors are well sterilized before using them. Water boiling to a very high temperature will do this. It is a hygienic and sensible practice to smudge gently a drop of iodine on the portion of cord remaining on the pup's stomach.

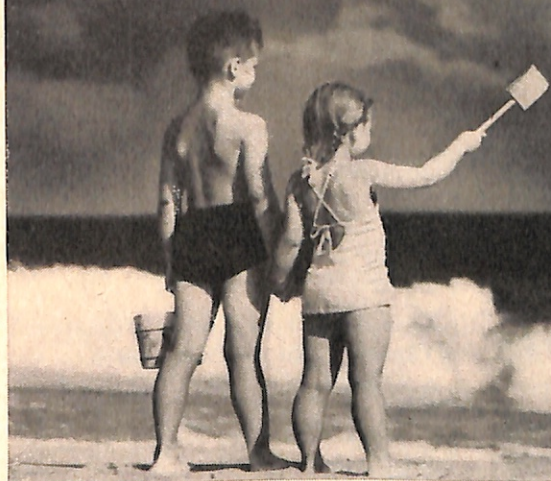
If left alone, the mother after breaking the sac and severing the cord will then vigorously lick the puppy to dry it. If you are officiating, then use the cloths previously mentioned and rub the pup briskly with a motion from their necks to their tails.

As soon as all of the brood have arrived, and this can be determined by the mother's behavior, put all of them back with their old lady. If some of them do not nurse readily (most puppies do), a drop or two of warm milk on their noses may help get them started on this necessary habit.

(In the next issue I'll discuss the further care, as well as the weaning of puppies).



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Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

Glendale, Calif., Elks Stage Successful Navy Day Program

Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, set aside a regular meeting night for the observance of Navy Day. An open meeting was held to which groups, interested in the lodge's own naval recruiting program in connection with the civilian recruiting plan as laid down by the Navy, were invited. Service clubs, veterans organizations and the Junior Chamber of Commerce were represented. Appointed by E.R. Willard W. Hunt, Roy N. Clayton served as General Chairman in charge of arrangements. The meeting was most successful.

Lieutenant (s.g.) R. B. Trick was the principal speaker. Warrant Officer, Machinist J. C. Haynes, local recruiting officer, was a special guest. Mr. Clayton, as Master of Ceremonies introduced the dignitaries present, including a number of retired naval officers and several in active service. Approximately 400 visitors and members of the lodge attended. A Navy picture was shown and a buffet supper was served.

Howard Bixby, a member of Glendale Lodge, had on display a collection of miniature battleships on which he had worked off and on for years. Having won a contest in Los Angeles in which several hundred competed, Mr. Bixby was sent East and put on a national hookup for a broadcast on his interesting hobby. The ships, four to ten feet long, were made from scale. At the Navy Day meeting, he gave a demonstration of how the tiny guns are fired by radio control.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Observes "Navy Night" and Initiates Class

"Navy Night" was celebrated by Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, on a regular meeting night, and a class of 20 candidates was initiated, with Past Exalted Rulers and several Navy officers officiating. Lieutenant Joseph Seager, a victim of Pearl Harbor, was the guest speaker.

One feature of the meeting was out of the ordinary. Navy Air Corps Cadet Robert E. Paine was one of those initiated. His father, P.E.R. J. Robert Paine, Vice-Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn., acted as Exalted Ruler during the initiatory ceremonies and his brother, Jack Paine, acted as Chaplain.

Aid Given by Columbus, Ga., Elks Draws Praise from Fort Benning

Columbus, Ga., Lodge, No. 1639, staged an Enlistment Parade during a recent campaign for the recruiting of youths 18 and 19 years of age, and was instrumental in getting 25 young men to enlist in the U. S. Armed Forces. Appreciation of the lodge's cooperative efforts was expressed in a letter written by Brigadier General Walter S. Fulton, on behalf of Fort Benning, to E.R. Robert J. Alander.

At a meeting of Columbus Lodge, attended by P.E.R. John F. Hines, of Dalton, D.D. for Georgia, West, a class of candidates was inducted into the Order. One of the initiates was Harry Kellar who, in all probability, weighs more than any other Elk in the country. Mr. Kellar, who is but 22 years of age, "tips" the scales at 446 pounds.

Kenton, O., Lodge Honors Billy Southworth at Testimonial Dinner

Billy Southworth, Manager of the St. Louis Cardinals Baseball Club, winner of the 1942 World Series, was the guest of honor at a stag testimonial dinner given by Kenton, O., Lodge, No. 157, on November 19. Seated at the speakers' table were team members of the 1911 Kenton Reds; Mr. Southworth was a member of the team at that time. The after-dinner program was broadcast over Station WMRN.

Toastmaster Frank Schindelwolf introduced General Chairman P.E.R. Michael Clabaugh, a personal friend of Mr. Southworth, and he in turn introduced the guest of honor to the 350 Elks and other friends who were present. Mr. Southworth's talk, in which he took his audience behind the scenes, from the club house into the dugout and onto the field of play, was the highlight of the evening. Speaking of War Bonds, he mentioned the fact that the "Minute Man Flag" flies at the home field of the Cardinals and that all of the members and also the bat boy are steady purchasers. Attorney Ray Stillings, a former base ball player, presented Mr. Southworth with a pair of silver wings in honor of Billy, Jr., who is serving overseas with the Army Air Force. E.R. Burke Jones spoke briefly at the end of the program.

P.E.R. Henry G. Stahl, of Fremont

Lodge, District Deputy for Ohio, Northwest, inspected the lodge officially at a meeting in late November when the lodge initiated a class of 39. Chicken dinner was served. Music was furnished by the Elks Quartette and Orchestra.

Two Hundred Attend Elks' Father-Son Banquet at Boulder, Colo.

The Father-Son Banquet held by Boulder, Colo., Lodge, No. 566, on November 18, was a great success. The lodge has decided to make it an annual event. Arrangements were handled by the Entertainment Committee, headed by Vic Fabrizio.

More than 200 members, with their sons, adopted sons or grandsons, were present. A complete turkey dinner was served at five p. m. after which a magician entertained in the lodge room and a program of music was presented. Contests between sons and fathers were both interesting and amusing. A large roasted turkey, left over from the dinner, was auctioned, going to the purchaser of the largest amount of War Bonds. Fred Austin, a member of the lodge, bid the bird in at eight hundred dollars.

LaFayette, Ind., Lodge Presents Gifts to Six Past Exalted Rulers

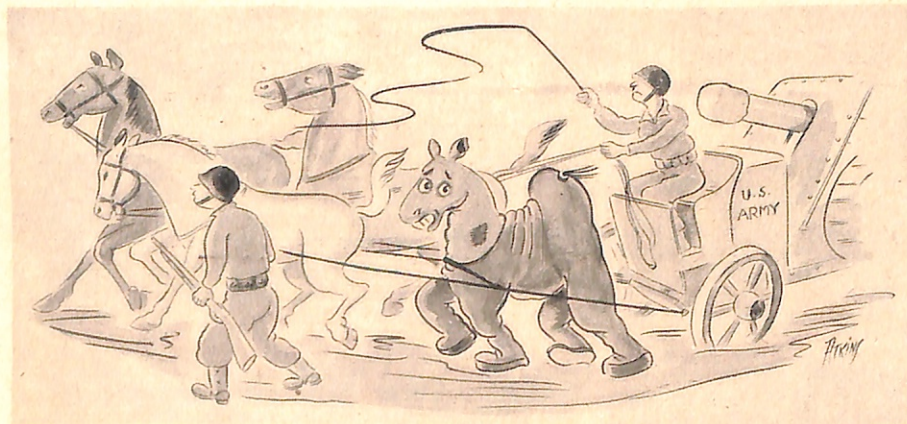
It has been the custom for many years for LaFayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143, to present its retiring Exalted Rulers with emblems, leaving the selection of the gift to each. Four Past Exalted Rulers, Charles F. Williams, William H. Robinson, now a resident of Louisville, Ky., Edward W. Korty and Robert Shaw, who served many years ago when the lodge was not as well off financially as it is now, received theirs recently when they were honored at the lodge home.

It was announced that diamond Elk's pins would be presented to P.E.R.'s August Stocker, of Detroit, and Richard B. Sample who were unable to be present. All of the gifts were suitably engraved. Mr. Williams received a gold watch, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Robinson rings, and Mr. Korty a gold wrist watch. Each responded with a short talk.

Alexandria, Va., Lodge Initiates A Class of Ninety Candidates

A number of distinguished Elks, including the Chairman of the Elks War Commission, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Grand Tiler R. Chess McGhee, Lynchburg, Va., and Grand Trustee Dr. Robert South Barrett, Alexandria, Va., joined with members of Alexandria Lodge No. 758 shortly before Thanksgiving in a special "Fight for Freedom" program featured by the initiation of a record class, named for Mr. Nicholson. Ninety new members joined the lodge and eleven former members were reinstated. Acting for the lodge, Dr. Barrett presented Mr. Nicholson with a silk American flag and standard.

One of the members of the class was Captain L. W. Devers of the Alexandria Fire Rescue Squad. Immediately after the ceremonies, C. C. Carlin, Jr., Editor of *The Alexandria Gazette*, on behalf of the lodge, presented to Captain Devers a \$400 resuscitator, purchased for the Squad through a committee headed by



"You could have written 'actors' on the questionnaire, instead of telling them just what we did in vaudeville".

K. W. Smith. A buffet supper was served in the rathskeller. The next evening, all of the new members were honor guests at a Thanksgiving Eve Dance in the lodge home.

D.D. William Haverkost, Jr., Visits Mahanoy City Lodge

On his official visit to his home lodge, Mahanoy City, Pa., No. 695, District Deputy William Haverkost, Jr., was honored with the initiation of a class of 13 candidates. The lodge officers, headed by Matthew C. Williams, Exalted Ruler, were commended for their excellent exemplification of the Ritual. Also an honor guest was John Phillips, No. 695's first Exalted Ruler.

The attendance that evening, designated as "Fight for Freedom Night", included many visiting Elks from lodges in Mr. Haverkost's district, Pennsylvania, Northeast. Past State Presidents Wilbur G. Warner, Leighton, Scott E. Drum, Hazleton, and George J. Post, Mahanoy City, and Past District Deputies C. V. Hogan, Pottsville, J. G. Thumm, Shenandoah, and J. P. Fitzpatrick, Pittston, were present. Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, No. 945 was represented by a delegation of eleven members.

The Grand Exalted Ruler Speaks At Rochester, N. Y., Lodge

More than 200 members of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, including many public officials, were addressed by Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan when he visited Rochester before the close of the year. While there, Mr. Sullivan conferred with the leaders of the lodge on its all-important war activities program.

E.R. Joseph B. Roach, P.E.R. Harry R. Darling, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Association, P.E.R. D. Curtis Gano, Past State Pres., P.E.R.'s Rex E. Stevenson and William F. Asart, and Emanuel Levy were among those who participated in the conference. A gift from Rochester lodge, a motion picture camera, was presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler by Mr. Darling.

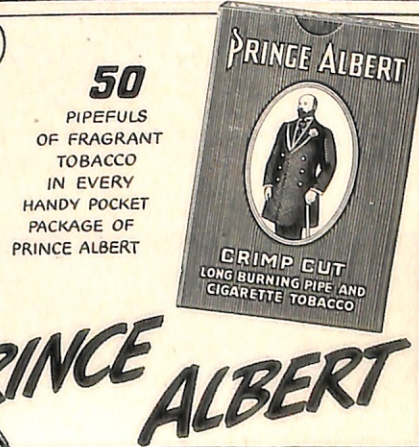
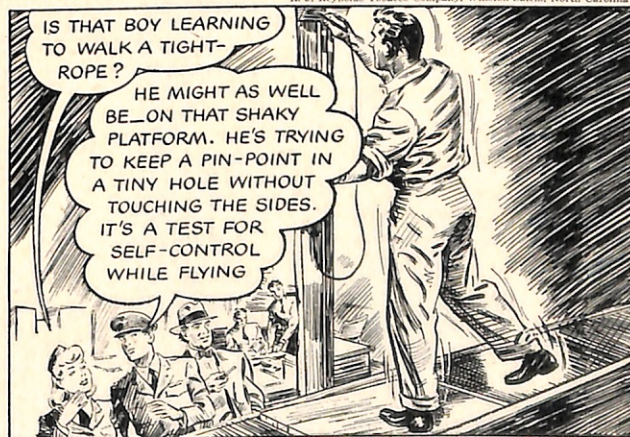
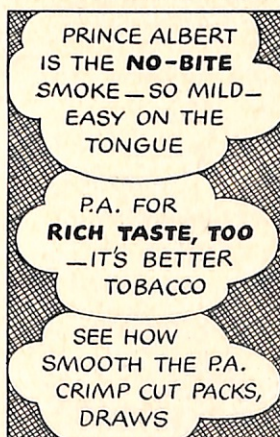
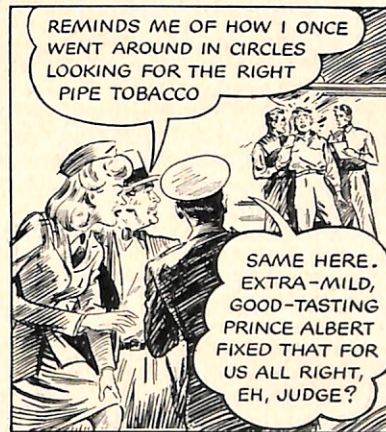
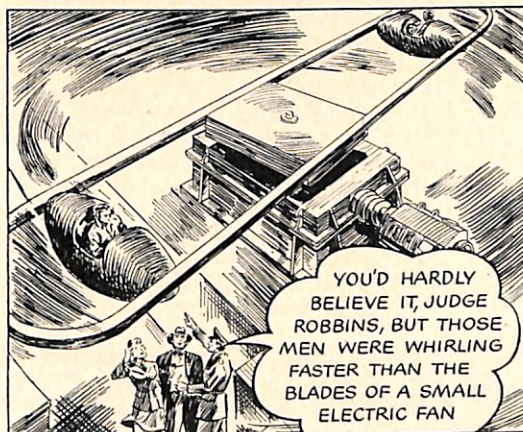
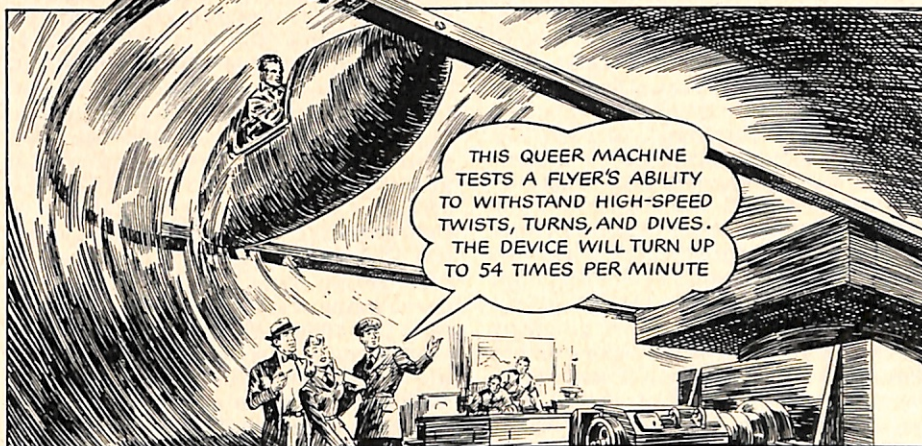
New Castle, Pa., Lodge Observes Its Fifty-fifth Anniversary

New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69, celebrated the 55th anniversary of its institution on Armistice Day. Ritualistic ceremonies were held in the afternoon during which a class of 55 candidates was initiated by E.R. William D. Richards and his officers. D.D. Howard B. Brown, of Butler, was the speaker.

The anniversary banquet, with P.D.D. C. W. Herman Hess acting as Toastmaster, was held early in the evening at The Castleton. Events in the history of the lodge during more than half a century were recounted, showing steady progress and continuous service in the interests of the community. Future prospects are excellent. Brief exercises followed the banquet, after which the members marched in the Armistice Night parade with the 350 Elks Junior Commandos, a group of which the lodge is very proud. Dancing at the lodge home and entertainment later in the evening, presented by the Moose Minstrels, concluded the program. P.D.D. Louis G. Genkinger, senior P.E.R. of New Castle Lodge, was General Chairman of the committee in charge of arrangements. Three other Past District Deputies are active members of No. 69, Mr. Hess, P.E.R. Clark H. Buell and P.E.R. Walter C. DeArment.

(Continued on page 53)

WONDERS OF AMERICA *Pilot's Pinwheel!*



What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

officials seemed to treat the battle of Midway as a minor clash, whereas he is certain that it was a major encounter and cost the Japanese much. Mr. Casey's book is interesting on every page; his only handicap is the march of time, during which the Navy keeps on fighting other battles that may eclipse Midway in importance. (Bobbs, Merrill Co., \$3.50)

HUGH BYAS had twenty-three years of association with the Japanese as a newspaper correspondent in Tokyo, in the course of which he became acquainted with many diplomatic and military leaders and at different times cabled the news of the assassination of some of them. For Japanese politics is a ruthless battle between gangs that call themselves patriotic societies. For this reason "Government by Assassination" is a good title for his fine book on this subject. The gangs differ from our own in that they include not only criminals but high-ranking officers who are supposed to be gentlemen. They are so powerful that Mr. Byas can say, "Nobody has ever been hung in Japan for murdering a prime minister."

This is a serious study of Japanese political methods and a good one. It describes the extraordinary Japanese obsession that they are meant to rule the world. Modern Japan has never known defeat, but it must be thoroughly defeated in order to

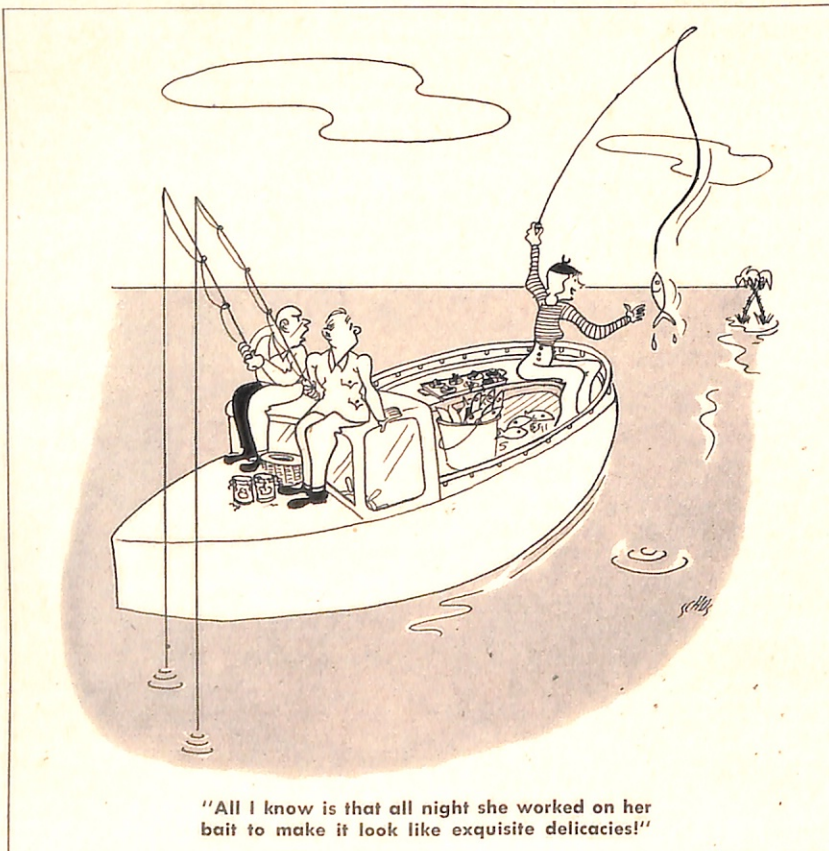
learn that war does not pay. To the Japanese overlords war pays big dividends. Mr. Byas warns that no peace overtures are to be trusted; the Japanese will lie humbly and then prepare for another war, to surprise their enemies anew. He thinks that when the Nazis have been defeated the Japanese will propose a peaceful arrangement of Far Eastern affairs, including participation in guaranteeing the independence of the Philippines and making a separate peace with China. In none of these maneuvers are they to be trusted. Of considerable value are the portraits of Japanese leaders, including one of the civilian who has organized numerous patriotic societies, Toyama. The emperor is also described as a hard-working man, hardly the deity that the Japanese soldier imagines. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$3)

DEFEAT of Japan is also the plan of Nathaniel Pfeffer, associate professor of international relations at Columbia University; he wants Japan put out of action and beyond possibility of early recovery as a military menace, but adds that it will be necessary to take measures to enable Japan to live and prosper. His outline of the Far Eastern settlement occurs in his new book, "Basis for Peace in the Far East". He doubts that it will be feasible to garrison Japan with foreign troops or to dismantle all industries and keep the country

on a peasant level. He sees the evils of Japanese expansion arising out of its speedy industrialization, but doubts that the overcrowding theory is valid. Nations make use of the overcrowding theory for political purposes, but actually they have neglected to make the best uses of their own abilities. Mr. Pfeffer believes that if Japan had confined its expansion to commercial advance and forgotten aggression by arms, it would now be stable and prosperous. The same may also be said of Germany, which would probably have defeated the British Empire commercially by this time but for its two great wars. Mr. Pfeffer believes that Japan and China can have mutually profitable trade relations and that "given harmonious relations, China can absorb the whole Japanese surplus capital in loans for its own reconstruction, paying interest and amortization in the form of raw materials. The excess mouths of Japan can be fed from China—without sending them to China as an expeditionary force". Mr. Pfeffer also visualizes independence for the Philippines with a guarantee from the United States that anyone who attacks them attacks the United States, with the possibility that we will have rights to a naval base there. He believes the Netherlands East Indies and British Malaya must be returned to their owners, for the native population is not yet ready for political independence. This is a realistic study of the Far East and one that clashes with the plans of idealists to create new nations of self-governing people out of the colonial possessions of European nations. Mr. Pfeffer does not believe that this will always work out for the good of the natives. (Harper & Bros., \$2.50)

THE antics of Americans abroad used to provide lively reading for us in peace times, but today we can scarcely imagine Paris as a town of love and laughter and London as the playground of carefree tourists. Yet, if you can get into the frame of mind to welcome such entertainment, you will find plenty of it in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay", by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough. These authors were around 19 when they made their exciting trip and they have tried to recapture the fun and frivolity of those days.

Cornelia and Emily met Cornelia's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Skinner, in London and through them saw some of the celebrities, including H. G. Wells, who entertained them at his country home. Wells was most animated, and when Skinner asked, "Are you a Cambridge man like your son?" he replied, "Lord, no, man! At his age I was a draper's assistant. But I'm going to send him to Hollywood. He'll make money there."



"All I know is that all night she worked on her bait to make it look like exquisite delicacies!"

The young women were greatly impressed by the history of the cities they visited and profoundly stirred when they stood on the spot where Joan of Arc had died in old Rouen. They had a great many hilarious experiences, some of which, such as being bitten by insects in a Paris pension, may be matched by readers who have taken the trip. In Paris they met John Mason Brown, the drama critic, then just out of Harvard and eager to see the French theater. You can imagine the rest of the chronicle—full of young laughter and gaiety, a reminder that once there was such happiness in cities now dark, gloomy and filled with ruins. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.50)

AMONG the new novels . . . Christopher Morley is back in form with "Thorofare", which isn't a bit like "Kitty Foyle". If you enjoyed the old, pre-Foyle Morley, who wrote "Human Being", you will like "Thorofare", which reminds me of a shawl carefully knitted out of bits of yarn. The story is supposed to describe the pilgrimage of an English boy, Geoffrey, to the United States with his uncle and aunt. His uncle teaches in a college located in a city that may be Baltimore, and the lad grows up, interested in American ways and knocked around by noisy and uncouth American schoolboys. The theme does not go deep, but there is a tremendous amount of domestic life in the story

in the best Morley manner, with no secrets tucked away in the prose. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.75)

"NIGHT SHIFT" by Maritta Wolff is a remarkable yarn when you consider that its author is only 23. Her first novel, "Whistle Stop", won a prize at the University of Michigan; it dealt with a shabby group of people who had various domestic troubles, but it showed writing force, and the new book is even more powerful. The story deals with the fortunes of three girls, one of whom is a night-club singer. The latter tries to help along the other two by her wits and audacity. The development is melodramatic and not for the squeamish. (Random House, \$2.75)

THE "O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1942" is edited by Herschel Brickell and Muriel Fuller and contains twenty-one stories that have been carefully chosen from the magazines of the year. Four prizes have been awarded, in the following order: Eudora Welty, first, for a story about southern ways called "The Wide Net"; Wallace Stegner next, for "Two Rivers", a story of a boy and his father out on a picnic; then "Windwagon Smith" by Wilbur L. Schramm, and "A Long Way to Go", by Jeanne E. Wylie. Of unusual interest, however, are some of the stories that did not win prizes. Kay Boyle deals with war on the Riviera in "Their Name is Macaroni"; Wal-

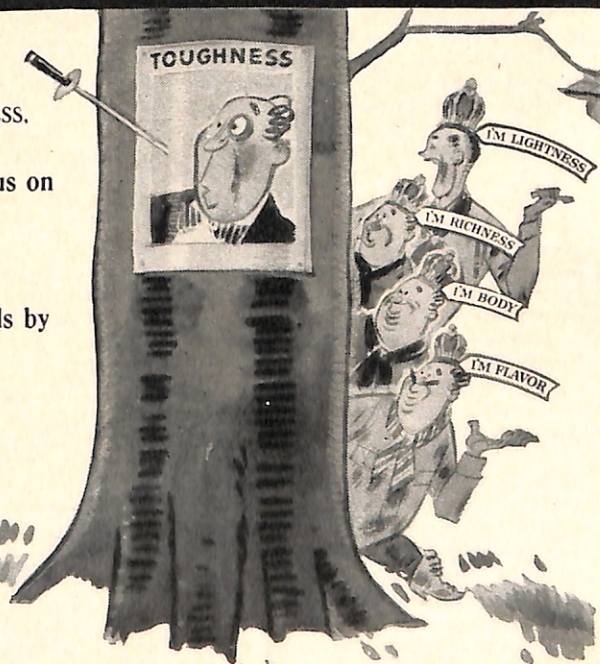
ter van Tilburg Clark has a fantasy called "The Portable Phonograph" and William Faulkner has written a capital story around the war news in "Two Soldiers". For readers who enjoy short stories this is an admirable collection. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50)

FOUR excellent mystery stories by English writers are combined in one book, "Crime Club Encore", with an introduction by Howard Haycraft. Here is certainly entertainment for anyone who complains that ordinary volumes are too thin. The stories, according to Mr. Haycraft, possess psychology, character and characterization. They are "Verdict of Twelve", by Raymond Postgate, "Keep Murder Quiet", by Selwyn Jepson, "Warrant for X" by Philip Macdonald, and "The Case of the Late Pig" by Margery Allingham. There are 1000 pages of shivers. (Crime Club, \$2) . . . A bride is in trouble when she enters an isolated castle in Guatemala with her husband of three days, and it takes all her ingenuity to get herself untangled in this exotic place. This starts the tale in "Bells for the Dead", by Kathleen Moore Knight. (Crime Club, \$2) . . . "The Emperor's Snuff-Box" by John Dickson Carr is one of the best of recent mystery stories. The murder of an English baronet takes place in a French villa and involves the fiancée of the victim's son. The French prefect of police, M. Aristide

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A FEW years ago both authors and publishers made a startling discovery. They found that there is a large audience in the United States for books about mathematics. W. W. Norton published "Mathematics for the Million" without suspecting that he had a best-seller on his hands. It has been going strong for a number of seasons and is being reissued in a new edition this Fall. Several new books provide additional food for heavy thinkers. Alice Duer Miller always thought she would like to write a book about mathematics and used to discuss the subject with her son, Denning Miller. He has written "Popular Mathematics" and tries to lure us into the book by its sub-title, "The understanding and enjoyment of mathematics". For to a mathematician the subject is pure joy.

Mathematics is not arithmetic, as Mr. Miller points out; arithmetic deals with rules governing numerical calculations, whereas mathematics deals with reasoning leading to proof and is "the only field of

thought in which an absolute truth can be established." Mr. Miller makes this distinction to enlist our adult interest, for, says he, most of us were bored by arithmetic and hence might be poor prospects for his lectures. But if we will lend an ear we will find mathematics "the simplest, easiest and most enjoyable language in the world".

In between problems in algebra, plane and solid geometry, trigonometry and infinitesimal calculus, Mr. Miller describes the work of the early mathematicians, especially Euclid, Eratosthenes and Archimedes and their later successors, Descartes, who combined algebra and geometry, and Galileo. He makes his subject about as interesting and alluring as it can be. (Coward McCann, \$3.75). There are two smaller books on the subject, chiefly dealing with practical problems, "Mathematics for Everyday Use"; by William L. Schaaf (New Home Library, 69c) and "Mathematics for Mechanics", also by Dr. Schaaf. (Garden City Publishing Co., \$2)

JOHN KIERAN, who writes about sports and recites poetry by the yard, as anyone who listens to "Information, Please!" knows, says

"Bob" Kiphuth, of Yale, has written an excellent book for men who need exercise in "How to be Fit". Few people who follow sports do not know about Kiphuth's remarkable coaching. He is professor of physical education and director of the gymnasium at Yale University. He does not believe in violent exercise but in 15 to 20 minutes a day for the man who does not use all his muscles. The exercises are especially directed toward strengthening the muscles of the torso and the pelvis. John Kieran believes that with exercises such as these there would be fewer cases of rejection in the selective service. (Yale University Press, \$2)

IN THE interest of our readers, who I ought to know about useful books, I should like to mention publication of "United States Service Symbols", by Cleveland H. Smith and Gertrude B. Taylor, which gives in colors and in easily memorable form all the insignia, symbols and uniforms of the armed services and some of the home defense projects. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$1.50) Also, for householders, "First Aid for the Ailing House", by Roger B. Whitman, in which heating comes in the first chapter. (Whittlesey House, \$2.50)

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 18)

whitetail bucks begging to be shot. And as for grouse and ducks—well, that would be an eye-ful for this pilgrim, too.

"I'll show you a raft of deer tonight," he declared later, as we stowed away an assortment of grilled partridges and woodcock, along with several wedges of pumpkin pie. "Soon as we've finished eating I'll take you out in the car. There has been a little night hunting hereabouts since the season opened and I want to check up on that. Caught four out-of-state jack-lighters the other evening."

Maine boasts a tremendous deer herd, and fortunately a lot of efficient, hard-working wardens—which probably explains that State's deer plenitude.

A bit later we were wheeling down U. S. No. 1 and within a mile of the village almost nudged a buck in the pants with the car's bumper. The big fellow was right in the road. Just beyond, on the edge of a field, the warden's powerful spotlight picked up three does and another buck.

"Town deer," commented the warden. "Feed right in your front yard. We'll see some more down the road at the next abandoned farm."

We did. There was a sleek spike buck nibbling apples under a tree less than 30 feet from the highway and after that we tabbed deer along the margins of fields, beside the road and right in farmers' front yards for the next three hours. There was no disputing the fact Washington

County harbored a lot of deer. The whole region was alive with the graceful critters.

"Looks like I'll have a fair chance of getting a buck," we commented, on the way back to the warden's house. "Seems to be plenty of 'em."

"A fair chance!" he exclaimed, in surprise. "Why, you ought to get one as easily as breaking sticks. A blind-folded hunter could shoot a deer in this county!"

"I'm going to take you up on a couple of mountains this week," he continued, "where there are bucks bigger than Army mules. Getting one isn't going to be the problem; getting the animal out of the woods after you shoot it is what has me worried. Those bucks up on Seall Mountain average 200 pounds or better, dressed, and that's a lot of meat to tote out. Last one I shot up there weighed 245. It took four of us the better part of a day to drag that critter in to a road."

It seemed an inauspicious time to inject a sour note in this optimistic solo, but we remarked that our hunting luck had been verminous and that our private jinx definitely was on a bender. Despite the deer plenitude, we concluded, it was possible that we could get skunked.

The warden snorted disdainfully. "Tomorrow," he replied, "we'll see if we can jump that big buck we saw just outside town. He's right handy to the road. Probably won't have to carry him more than 100 yards, if that. If we don't get him, we'll go

out to the mountain. Then we can concentrate on grouse and ducks for the rest of the week. No use fooling around after deer very long."

Bird hunting, it developed, was the warden's particular dish. Deer were just something you picked up along the way, like fallen apples.

There was a little nip in the air next morning as we sneaked through the bushy woodlot, midway between two fields, where the big buck and his lady love were known to lurk after sunup. The warden was a bit in advance and to our left. About halfway through a patch of evergreen scrub there was a muffled thump and the warden made a quick gesture with his hand. And at that precise second, before your hero could get going with the stubby carbine, the big buck executed two gazelle-like jumps and was out of sight behind a thick screen of brush.

"What happened?" questioned the warden. "Why didn't you smack him?"

"I couldn't get untracked," we explained somewhat sheepishly. "There wasn't much chance for a shot. That fellow was traveling!"

"Sure, he was traveling," replied the warden. "What did you think he was going to do—stand around and pose like one of those bronze elk stags in front of B. P. O. E. lodges? I could have knocked him over with a brick."

We combed the remaining cover without jumping anything and decided to spend the rest of the morn-

ing grouse hunting. A quick trip back to town after the dog and shotguns took but a matter of minutes and an hour later we pulled up beside an abandoned farm.

"Plenty of birds in this old orchard," remarked the warden as we climbed out of the car. "You walk down that old road beside the orchard and keep a little ahead of the dog, if possible. When birds get up, they generally fly across the road and afford fine shots. Good luck, and don't miss any."

We didn't. Several birds got up all right, but not one came over the road. The warden got a pair of hopeless shots, missed both.

"I can't understand it," he remarked later as we piled into the car and headed for another bit of nearby grouse cover. "That's the first time those partridges in there ever acted like that. Usually, I always get three or four good shots."

"My little gremlin got there first," we answered.

"Nuts!" replied the warden, pushing the starter button. "You and your gremlins!"

A mile beyond, two huge bucks bounced across the road and vanished over a hardwood ridge, narrowly missing a collision with our car.

"Pretty, weren't they?"

"Yeah," we replied. "My jinx drove 'em both across the road just to watch me drool at the mouth. My jinx has a great sense of humor."

MID-AFTERNOON found us still grouseless. The dog had put up a dozen birds or more, but not once had a decent shot been afforded. That is to say, not once except the time a bird got up directly in front of the warden, who discovered—too late—that his gun was unloaded.

"Now, how do you suppose that happened?" he asked, puzzled. "I'm sure I loaded my gun before we walked into that cover."

"You don't know my jinx," we replied. "My jinx is efficient."

Early that evening, on our way home, we discarded the shotgun for a deer rifle, and prowled along an old logging road for two miles with the idea of jumping a deer. That brief promenade failed to turn up a deer, but we did spook out seven grouse, six of which afforded the easiest kind of shots. But you can't kill grouse on the wing with a deer rifle.

"Tomorrow," announced the warden across that evening's dinner table, "we'll lay off the grouse and deer and go duck hunting. We won't get skunked along the river!"

The warden guessed wrong again. We didn't actually get skunked—the score at the end of the day was two ducks—but considering the fact we both expected a limit shoot, we might just as well have returned empty-handed.

"I still don't believe it!" mused the warden that night. "Two days and we have two ducks, no deer and no partridges! Something's wrong!"

"You're telling me!"

"See here," he retorted. "You been beating your wife, or something?"

"Not lately."

"Unkind to small children?"

"No."

"Been kicking any dogs off back porches?"

"Certainly not!"

"Well," he concluded, "something's gumming up this hunting trip and there must be a reason. Tell you what. Tomorrow we'll go out to the mountain and get one of those big bucks—maybe two. Perhaps I'd better make arrangements tonight and have a farmer drive back in with a team and wagon so we won't have to tote 'em too far. . . ."

"Maybe," we interrupted, "we'd better get the buck—or bucks—first, and then make arrangements to have 'em hauled out with a team."

"Yeah," agreed the warden, "I guess you're right, at that."

And it was just as well. The next day produced no deer, and neither did the day that followed. Sign galore, but no deer. Once the warden would have had a chance at a big buck had he been toting a rifle instead of a shotgun. The animal looked him over at about 150-yard range for several minutes, then ran.

"I just can't understand it," he muttered as we slogged out of woods that night. "I just can't understand it! Four days of hard hunting and what have we got? Two ducks! Tomorrow we'll come back out here and break this hoodoo or I'll know the reason why!"

"The reason why," we replied, "will be my li'l jinx. Remember?"

"Nuts!" answered Warden Clark.

We parted from the warden next morning at the mountain's base after getting his instructions. "Hunt up the mountain," he directed, "and along those rock ledges near the crest and over to that big ledge I showed you yesterday. Wait for me there and keep your eyes peeled."

Halfway up the mountain a big doe, spooked from a brushy bench, bounded past. Now, wherever you find a doe in November, you're almost certain to find a buck. So we worked up the rocky, brushy slope with redoubled caution and finally reached the windswept crest. No buck. A careful prowl along the mountain's rock ledges and brushy benches during the next hour still failed to turn up anything with horns, and we decided it was time to quit fooling around and rejoin the warden.

It wasn't difficult to locate our rock ledge rendezvous. A short scramble along the edge of the mountain top put us directly above it, but a careful survey below failed to reveal our companion. A large, slanting rock nearby promised a better view of the slope so we jumped out, the rifle hanging from our shoulder by its sling. That was mistake number one.

Mistake number two was failure to examine a brush-screened ledge just below. Had we looked that over carefully, we'd have seen the grand-



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pappy of all whitetail bucks before he spotted us. The venerable old gentleman was bedded down, no doubt plotting his evening's amours, when we appeared on the scene and our first premonition of disaster was a slight noise we couldn't locate. That was grandpappy getting up. Next came a startling whoosh! whoosh!—reminiscent of a released airbrake, and the deer took off.

At that instant we were completely off balance, bent over, and the rifle was hanging slantwise across our back. We were caught with our deer hunting pants down for fair and there wasn't much to be done about it. The buck made two tremendous jumps, both in plain view; setup shots for anyone who wasn't jinxed. We did manage to get in one hopeless shot as the buck's flag showed

for an instant 100 yards below. It didn't connect.

Three days later the warden saw us off at the station.

"I still don't understand how it happened," he declared as the train began to move. "Why, you should have had a buck, and ducks and partridges galore."

Apparently the warden had never encountered a real, Grade A jinx.

War Bird

(Continued from page 7)

and so only when he sensed it in Sultan was Cadman certain he had judged aright, that the young falcon was one in ten thousand, even among peregrines.

Training began at once. Sultan took to hood, jesses, leash and bell as if only the week before he had laid them off. In four days he was like a tame bird, perching fearlessly upon Cadman's gauntleted wrist, gazing into the man's face with his intent, gold-brown, jewel-like eyes. A few deft strokes of an eagle's feather would instantly dispel any show of nervousness.

His keen intelligence matched the perfection of his body as Cadman had known it would. By the sixth day he was already answering to the voice—the far-carrying call Cadman used in the field—and he would swoop to the fist at a whistle for the

pieces of rare beef with which the man was building up his strength. Within two weeks Cadman had him off the leash and stooping at a lure, restrained only by a thirty-yard cord which he showed no tendency to break.

It was on a day in the fourth week that the critical moment of Sultan's training came—the moment when Cadman freed the young falcon of all restraint and entered him at his first quarry. This was the test that all trainers await with eagerness and dread, for with his first kill the wild-caught falcon often flies away, never to return. But Cadman had a subtle rapport with his birds; he did not believe his growing bond with Sultan could be broken by freedom.

The first pigeon Cadman released within thirty feet of the falcon,

where he sat on his padded perch. And though he was watching each detail closely, Cadman's eyes scarcely registered Sultan's actual take-off. One instant the falcon was on his perch, the next he was gone, vanished like a puff of ash-blue smoke. Cadman knew he had never seen any falcon start so fast.

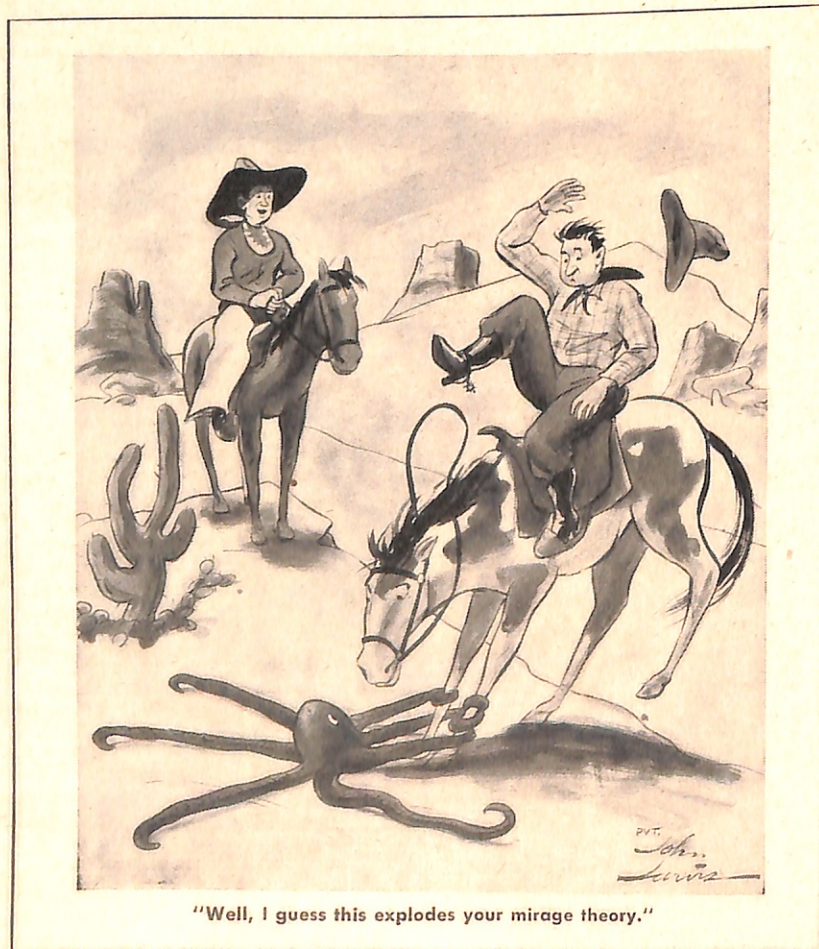
It was a breathless minute. Sultan rose in a steep swift gyre to a height of four hundred feet above the pigeon, then made his stoop. Almost faster than eye could follow, falcon and pigeon converged in a burst of white feathers that filled the air, then the dead pigeon plummeted to earth and Sultan circled three times before descending to stand upon the prey.

The second pigeon was released after Sultan had been allowed to mount a thousand feet in air. Desperately the quarry strove to reach the protection of the nearest trees, flying "all out" with terrified wing beats. Cadman saw Sultan slip from his pitch, point his beak directly at the quarry and beat his wings fiercely ten times. Then he closed them and shot earthward like a hissing steel wedge. Cadman could hear the whine and hum of air through stiffened flight feathers. A second later a geyser of feathers trailed in the wind, the pigeon tumbled earthward in the wake of its severed head and Sultan swung in a wide circle uttering his victorious cry of "Chak-kek-kek".

The man was trembling in his triumph. The danger point had been passed and he knew that of his own will Sultan would never leave him now. And he knew that not even the great gyrfalcons of the far north, those kings of their clan, could excel the swiftness of Sultan's stoop nor show more perfect form. And that meant not a single super falcon, but a super squad, for this royal one was to be the heart and core of his falcon flight.

Meantime, other birds had been coming in from numerous sources—six goshawks, two pairs of hobby falcons, a golden eagle, thirteen prairie and red-tailed hawks and two more peregrines were among the new recruits. One of the latter, a splendid young female, was soon to become Sultan's mate.

A week later, with more than sixty birds in his squadron, Cadman



judged that his unit had been on trial long enough to be removed to the Army's Pigeon Training Center. There, with two able assistants to help him, the birds were put through a course of secret training for the war front. Part of that training was to accustom them to fly through shell fire and to have no fear of airplanes.

Just eight weeks thereafter, Cadman's squadron, now officially known as Mobile Falcon Unit No. 1, was released from its sea cages at a secret point on the coast of the Philippines. The precarious passage down had been made in numerous stages, by airplane, by cruiser and convoy ship. Falcon Post in this man's war proved to be a camouflaged little radio station in the midst of a steaming jungle.

All so different from the ordered efficiency Cadman had known in Flanders. This whole Pacific affair was different—a secret, savage slaughter, minus all sporting instinct—a struggle against merciless bandits where not even valor was at a premium and the unarmed and helpless were shot down as a matter of course. The Unit was in for grim action, Cadman knew, and he whispered as much to Sultan that first day before loosing the falcon for his first flight since leaving America. And it seemed to him that Sultan understood.

It was wonderful to take the air again after three weeks of ocean passage. Sultan sensed that he was in active service now, and something seemed to whisper in his heart that the time of action was at hand, as he circled upward through the hot oppressive air of this new land. His mate rose to join him and presently, one above and slightly behind the other, they were patrolling in great circles above the five thousand foot level.

For nearly an hour they kept awing, watching the multitudinous life of the fecund forests below. They saw parrots and toucans and macaws planing about in the thick greenery and they saw little monkeys, lured to careless ease in the tree tops by the thin canopy of foliage above them, all blissfully unaware of the dark diablerie of the falcon kind for swift slaughter. And their fierce sheathed glance stabbing through thin air and faint sea mist saw that which no other creature could possibly have seen as yet, not having the eyes of raptors—a flight of twelve swift black war planes flying high above the white-laced combers more than four miles off shore.

The falcons had long since become accustomed to airplanes, although the fierce and terrible humming and the stupendous speed of the great still-winged creatures never failed to fill their fiery natures with anger and sometimes with injured pride of wingmanship. Always they felt impelled to contest air supremacy with them by outdoing them in speed and in altitude. They did so now,

driving themselves up and up in short steep spirals, but so high were these planes that not until they had reached the dizzy height of twenty thousand feet could they look down upon the twelve monsters rushing beneath them like great dragon flies with never a wing-beat. These were different from the other planes they had known, with great round spots like eyes on their wings and sides, red in color surrounded by radiating red lines. The small dark men in them were different, too, the falcons saw as they swooped close to gaze with hard angry eyes.

Abruptly the twelve planes slanted sharply downward above the jungle and from a distance of four miles the stereoscopic eyes of the falcons saw a strange thing take place. Out of each plane they saw four or five men leap into space, spread a strange white wing above them and go sailing gently to earth while the planes sped on and out of sight.

Meantime on the ground below Cadman's radio operator was tensely buzzing: "Topaz calling Garnet. Topaz calling Garnet. . . . Hello, Garnet? Small Nip show heading your way. Twelve planes. No bombers. . . . Altitude about seventeen five hundred. . ."

"...seventeen five hundred," came the answering whisper out of the ether. "Line of bearing. . .?"

"Straight down the coast. Your show."

"Got it. Garnet." Garnet was Iloilo station, in the code. And Manila was Sapphire. Weird, hiding identities under the names of precious stones in this brawl with slant-eyed butchers. And Cadman's little outpost was Topaz. The Lieutenant emitted a sigh as Sparks removed his head phones, then limped out into the clearing to "take bearings" on his birds again.

Far aloft the falcons were watching the distant human specks scrambling on the ground as they freed themselves from the strange wings that had floated them earthward. Presently they saw another queer thing. A great dark bird rose slowly from the spot. It was a black eagle and when it had risen a thousand feet in the air it appeared to get its bearings, for with slow majestic southing of wings it headed northward in the direction from which the twelve planes had come. As it drew closer the falcon pair hung as though fixed there in high sky, unrocked by the strong surf of wind that blew at that altitude. They were "waiting on", to use an ancient term of falconry.

To all appearance the eagle did not see the peregrines above him, though doubtless it would not have troubled him anyway, his wing spread being a good six feet. But—the falcons had been carefully trained to take every bird they saw and when the eagle was directly beneath them, Sultan turned slightly on his side and slipped from his perch. With beak pointing directly at the quarry he closed his wings and shot downward

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like a streak of dark lightning. The rush of air against his eyes was so fierce that their marvelous third eyelids, a filmy darkened membrane, dropped over them in protection, for only so can the falcons execute the mad, chain-lightning maneuvers that make them kings of the air.

Down below Cadman had been watching. Almost in the same instant that he first glimpsed the eagle he saw far above the beginning of Sultan's stoop, saw him rocket earthward like a feathered meteor, knew that beneath the falcon's body his talons were doubled up like two knobby fists with which to deal the quarry a fatal blow. But even then he could scarcely believe that Sultan was attacking the mighty stranger in earnest. He thought the falcon was merely bent on harrying the eagle. An instant more and he saw that the charge was lethal indeed. The eagle saw it, too, and in spite of his size he veered violently and with the quickness of light flung himself upon his back in an attempt to truss the falling falcon with his grappling-hook claws.

Cadman held his breath in agonized suspense. Was Sultan bent on committing suicide in the grip of those fatal claws? Was the reckless headlong fire of the bird to be his undoing? A split second more and Sultan had struck—not into that nest of steel-hook talons, but squarely into the eagle's wing-elbow. A little burst of feathers trailed in the wind and Cadman heard the unutterably fierce, croaking cry of the eagle as he tumbled clumsily earthward in a falling spin. His wing had been shattered, he could no longer hold himself aloft and Cadman knew then that Sultan had swerved slightly in the last instant and struck the wing purposely, that thus he must have vanquished eagles before!

Like a pilotless plane the eagle spun earthward, his great beak snapping, yelping in futile rage for the falcon pair with ringing cries were harrying from all sides like agile pursuit planes attacking a bomber. His life was racing forth from his slashed throat before he struck the ground.

A few minutes later Donaldson, Cadman's assistant trainer, came hurrying into camp with an aluminum capsule that had been fastened to the dead bird's leg. Within was a Nipponese message which Sparks translated. Fifty Jap parachutists had made a successful landing in the jungle six miles up the coast and were sending their exact location by courier to some secret Nipponese force, possibly on shipboard somewhere out in the China Sea. In natural course a large force would join the parachutists in the next few days, but now, thanks to Sultan's daring, the infiltrating force would be met instead by a little surprise party of U. S. Marines. Sparks was already buzzing the alert to Iloilo and Manila.

But—that attacking force of Nips would be coming later regardless.

In three days, five, or ten—impossible to say exactly—but come they would; Cadman was suddenly sure of it. A black flight of deadly little Zeros and Kuramatas coming in from seaward, with doubtless the Iloilo garrison as their objective. How he had arrived at his conclusion he could not tell. By the rules of the war game they would not come now, with their carrier eagle killed and no return message from their landing party. But rules are made to be broken and Cadman had sudden knowledge, given him perhaps out of his long years as an airman, that the Jap squadron would surely come.

And where were the planes to intercept them—those promised Lightnings and Kittihawks—all the new hot stuff from America? Sunk in the lightless depths of the Pacific, no doubt. They'd been doing their best back home, God knew, but this was home-base for the enemy. It would take a year at least to resolve that knotty little problem. Meantime what to do without planes?

Abruptly the answer came, as something very near to inspiration flamed in the recesses of Cadman's mind. It had come into his head once before, and he had rejected it as mad, but again this afternoon as he watched the ill-contained anger of Sultan and his mate as they "waited on" above the enemy planes, and again above the black eagle, the idea had recurred. Sultan! The answer lay in Sultan! Was he not a direct descendant of that immortal falcon Xerxes, who had died for England? A falcon that would attack eagles would have no fear of anything that flew. The original dive-bombing concept must surely have come from the falcon's stoop.

One superb and matchless falcon, with a mate who would follow him, after the manner of falcons, into anything, with a dozen other birds trained to follow the lead of both—! Mad it sounded still, but Cadman had shuffled off for the time being all usual habits of thought, letting an inner surety that was nothing less than instinct work in their stead. Angry eagles had done this thing numerous times in the annals of flying—hurled themselves straight into the propellers of passing planes and brought them crashing to earth. Falcons of Sultan's daring could be trained to do it!

Late into the night he discussed his plan with Donaldson, a falconer of long experience in the Scottish highlands, and at first he met nothing but resistance. This idea of Cadman's had never been heard of in the annals of the most experienced trainers, besides, it would mean the death of all their best birds.

"It will work," said Cadman with quiet conviction. "It'll mean the sacrifice of most of our Unit, but what our birds do will write a new page in the history of air combat. Why, it's what we'd be doing ourselves, man, if we had a few planes."

"And what's to turn the birds into a suicide squad overnight?" Donald-

son's tone was sere with doubt.

"I've a plan for training them," said Cadman. "We'll start work in the morning."

Dawn saw the two men beginning a secret and esoteric phase of falcon training, so to speak. It was a departure from all the established rules of falconry. There was one plane of rather ancient vintage at the station, and Cadman used this as his base of operation. But in every move he had Donaldson's skepticism to override. He had but a single factor to work with and that was Sultan's innate nobility, his high, fiery courage. It was a sacrifice, a dedication; his heart was torn over the beauty and the valor of the birds he must send to their death; and yet he had done this thing himself and alone, in the skies above Flanders. This Pacific job was still a *commando* affair; mindless mechanization had not yet entered the game. It was a new war where every individual contrived and surpassed himself as a personal unit.

A whole fortnight passed—ten of the hardest days Cadman had ever lived through. He knew by then that the finest birds of his Unit had become thoroughly imbued with the new offensive. But he had begun by then to doubt, as a man will, the veracity of his original hunch. The Japs might never come. Perhaps he had merely made a fool of himself, flashing his idea by radio up and down the coast—

And that was the night he became certain all at once as he lay in the dark, that the flight would come next day. The conviction came out of an intuitive sixth sense such as was developed by many and many an airman during zero hours in France. So certain he was that he was prepared and awaiting the dark line of war planes that came zooming in from seaward in the early dawn.

The station plane was ready and Cadman went up to meet them, taking the pick of his attack Unit with him. Donaldson was to handle the others. Below, Sparks was already buzzing the warning to the pitifully small interceptor command at Iloilo.

It was up beyond the three thousand foot level, in the first wash of dawn light, that he said goodbye to Sultan. The falcon's black eyes never wavered as he perched upon the man's arm, looking fixedly into his face. They were proud and utterly dauntless, bright as polished tourmaline. He knew what was ahead—Cadman was certain—and some tempering substance, true as nickel steel, passed silently between the two.

Once or twice in his life, Cadman had looked into the eyes of a man who had what Sultan had, a man who had mobilized his entire body, assimilated it, as it were, turning it into spiritual fuel for the entire organism, until the physique seemed but a slightly slower rhythm of the spirit, instead of the sodden scar-tissue of ordinary flesh. There flashed through him suddenly the significance of such fearless ones,

who die young, beloved of their gods. Softly and quietly he began talking to Sultan, as the plane continued to climb.

Meantime the Nips had him. The dark line of flight was swerving, dipping to come closer. They meant to rub out the lone plane for safety's sake, before passing northward.

Cadman waited on until they were very close, until six planes broke formation to attend to the little job, before he tossed Sultan into the blue with a ringing shout. He did not follow with his eyes, for a part of his heart seemed tearing loose, stretching and stretching on a tenuous cord that finally snapped and was gone, as he bent to open one by one, the doors of the other cages.

About three weeks later Cadman was sitting on the verandah of Government House at Zamboanga, when an orderly approached and handed him a cable message. To Lieutenant Hugh Cadman, Falcon Unit No. 1, Topaz spotter and interceptor command, it read. "Well done, Lieutenant! I have recommended you for promotion to Captain for the splen-

did work of your Unit in its valorous suicide attack upon a large concentration of Nipponese fighters approaching Garnet, on March 2nd., last. Owing to the fearless attack carried out by the birds of your Falcon Squad, thirteen out of a flight of twenty-eight Jap planes were destroyed at the outset, so that the small interceptor command at our disposal was able to engage and drive off the remaining enemy fighters with a loss of only three American planes. I have further recommended the D. S. O. for the unparalleled service your Unit has rendered. My heartiest congratulations and a handshake in memory of our former talk together." Signed, Major James Territon, Commander Mindanao Sector.

Cadman smiled at memory of the old fire-brand.

"This one to you, old man," he murmured into the breeze as he folded the message. Then his eyes turned seaward again, to the mists of the northern skyline, from whence in due time another shipment of war birds was to arrive.



Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 45)

San Francisco Lodge Entertains Prospective Aviation Cadets

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, gave a testimonial dinner on Armistice Day to 300 boys attending the Refresher Courses for Aviation Cadets. J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen, S.D., Lodge, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, was a guest.

After the dinner, which was served in the main dining room of the lodge home, the boys and the members enjoyed a program presented in the lodge room. A moving picture was shown under the auspices of the U. S. Army, and Brigadier General Kepner gave a stirring, patriotic talk. Other speakers were Colonel George T. Perkins, S. F. District Recruiting Officer, Dr. Chas. J. Lamp, a member of No. 3's Americanization and War Committee, and Judge Edward P. Murphy, a member of the lodge.

Pocatello Lodge Is Commended For Its Patriotic Service

Since the inauguration of the Selective Service, Pocatello, Ida., Lodge, No. 674, has turned over the facilities of its home to the Army, and at least once a month the traveling army examining board makes its headquarters there, sometimes for a week or more. The facilities are available also to the army officers during their stay. The Elks have joined with the Masonic bodies and the Central Labor Council in alternating in the sponsoring of monthly farewell ceremonies for Pocatello and Bannock County draftees. Ceremonies are held in the home of No. 674 on the morning the men leave for the induction center at Salt Lake

City, Utah. The lodge will continue these privileges until Selective Service comes to an end.

More than 11,000 men, called for examination, have passed through the doors of the lodge home since the first of last year, as examinations and inductions of draftees from all eastern Idaho counties are conducted in the Elks' building. Examinations are made in the lodge rooms, the hall known as the Antlers Hall, and the club library. Arrangements provided by the officers, the members of the Board of Directors and the lodge Secretary, H. C. Hinckley, are most convenient, and in a letter from Colonel H. F. Sykes, A.G.D., Commanding Officer for the districts of Idaho, Utah, Montana, Wyoming and Nevada, the Army's appreciation of the lodge's patriotic service has been expressed.


In the lobby of the lodge home is a roll of honor on which is inscribed the names of those of its members who are in military service.

Juneau, Alaska, Elks Initiate A Class in a Castle at Sitka

Past Exalted Ruler Fred G. Hanford, of Wrangell Lodge No. 1595, District Deputy for Alaska, East, reports that in making his official visits to the various lodges, he found them in a healthy condition and all striving to make 1943 a banner year.

Juneau Lodge No. 420 initiated a class of ten candidates recently at Sitka, a thriving defense city within the lodge's jurisdiction. The officers solved the present problem of transportation, caused by a greatly increased wartime population, by making the trip in a small boat. The

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SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the March issue should reach us by January 15th.

party included Exalted Ruler Arthur Adams, Est. Lead. Knight N. Floyd Fagerson, Est. Lect. Knight L. J. Holmquist, Secy. M. H. Sides, Chaplain R. C. Copstead, L. E. Iversen, Past District Deputies M. E. Monagle and Harry Sperling, of Juneau Lodge, and Mr. Hanford. Sitka, like every other town in the territory, is overcrowded, and it is difficult to find a hall for fraternal or social affairs. The community, one of the oldest in Alaska, is full of historical landmarks. One of the most famous, Sitkans Castle, was taken over by the Sitka Post of the American Legion for a meeting place. Through the courtesy of the Post, the initiation was held by the Elks in the castle, which was built on the site of the old Baranof Castle where the first American Flag was raised over Alaska. The first castle was built early in 1800 by Alexander Andreovich Baranof, Manager of the Russian-American Company. A second was built on the same site later, and the present castle was erected in 1894.

Burbank, Calif., Lodge Invests All Surplus Funds in War Bonds

E.R. Ray E. Stolper announced on November 7, 1942, that in conformance with the policy adopted by Burbank, Calif., Lodge, No. 1497, all surplus funds over and above the actual operating costs of the lodge would be invested in War Bonds. In practical demonstration of this policy, the lodge that day purchased \$1,400 worth of War Bonds through Security-First National Bank of Burbank.

Mr. Stolper made a statement at the time in which he said: "Although this established policy necessitated the curtailment of our modernization program, as well as the discontinuance of some of our social functions, it is felt that it is the best way to contribute to our war effort".

Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge Combines War Work With Social Activity

Wives of members of Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 1058, who are in the U. S. Armed Forces, are taking advantage of the invitation extended by E.R. H. J. Raley to visit the lodge home and attend social functions as freely as they did when their husbands were at home. The wives have also received identification cards which, when presented at other lodge homes, entitle them to like privileges. For the duration, the membership of every Harrisburg Elk in the Service will be taken care of by the lodge with a paid-up card.

The Halloween party given by No. 1058 was so thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended that the officers made plans to feature another costume party on the winter program. One hundred and fifty Elks and guests were present. Costume prizes were awarded.

Many Enlist at Navy Recruiting Station in Warren, O., Elks Home

A Navy Recruiting Station, to operate locally during the 36-day period ending on December 7, 1942, the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor, was established in the home of Warren, O., Lodge, No. 295. The Station functioned under the direction of a full time recruiting officer from the Cleveland, Ohio, station; the quota was 200 enlistments for the period. One hundred and thirty-five men had enlisted by November the 10th.

Fifty were scheduled to leave on the 19th for the Great Lakes Training Station. The men were guests of the Elks

at a farewell dinner on the evening preceding their departure. Appropriate ceremonies were held for them in the lodge home the next day, after which they marched to the depot in a body, led by a band.

Wisconsin Elks Plan War Effort Program at Appleton Meeting

At a meeting called by State President Andrew W. Parnell and held at his home lodge, Appleton No. 337, the Wisconsin State Elks Association adopted an 18-point program of activities in connection with the war effort. Plans were worked out by State officers, officers of the subordinate lodges and members of the twenty State Association committees. Grand Trustee C. E. Broughton, P.E.R. of Sheboygan Lodge, bringing the personal greetings of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and Major Lauris M. Eek, of the Sixth Service Command, Chicago, Ill., addressed the meeting; Mr. Parnell presided.

Plans were laid to meet the Elks War Fund quota of \$12,000 for the lodges of the State. Every line of war work recommended by the Elks War Commission was included in the schedule. In addition, it was decided to conduct ritualistic and high school scholarship contests, to engage in extended relief for needy crippled children, and to cooperate fully with the Grand Lodge in carrying out its objectives.

Logansport, Ind., Lodge Stages A \$271,275 War Bond Banquet

Setting a patriotic example for member lodges, Logansport, Ind., Lodge, No. 66, staged a \$271,275 War Bond Banquet at the lodge home on October 21, with approximately 500 members present. Reservations were accepted on a minimum basis of one \$100 War Bond per plate, but scores of members made their subscriptions in four and five figures. Harold Van Orman, of Evansville, former Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana, P.E.R. Frank McHale, Logansport, Democratic national committeeman from Indiana, and Judge Michael L. Fansler, of the Indiana Supreme Court, were speakers.

Chief credit for the banquet's success was accorded Henry Ricci, manager of the Elks' café. Mr. Ricci originated the idea and personally accounted for the bulk of War Bonds sold. The original goal was set at \$100,000, but as this amount was realized in two weeks, it was decided to double the figure. Just how much this double goal was exceeded was shown by the total sales as announced on the night of the banquet. This is only a part of what Logansport Lodge has been doing since Pearl Harbor. Within the week after war had been declared, Mr. Ricci began to sell Bonds and Stamps to the membership. To date members have subscribed more than \$600,000, and the total increases daily. A million-dollar mark has been set for the future.

Norwich, Conn., Lodge Sponsors Special Events for Service Men

All during "Elks National War Service Week", special activities were conducted at the Fraternal Center operated by Norwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 430. A straw ride, theatre and swimming parties, suppers, dancing, bowling and a Halloween Party featured a thoroughly enjoyable program. Junior hostesses shared in the festivities.

Open House, with the public invited, was held on Sunday. Hundreds of men

and women, including many civic leaders, mingled with the service men, and all were impressed with the homey atmosphere and the numerous facilities for comfort and recreation provided at the Center. During the afternoon, music was furnished by a string ensemble. A chicken supper for service men was followed by an organ recital, a floor show and a dance.

Norwich Lodge also cooperated in the observance of Navy Day. The sale of War Bonds conducted among the members swelled the amount of purchase to well over \$300,000. Preliminary plans for the observance of "Naval Aviation Night" were carried through with great success.

Montgomery, Ala., Lodge Burns Mortgage on Its Handsome Home

Mortgage-burning ceremonies were held recently by Montgomery, Ala., Lodge, No. 596, in the beautiful Gold Room of the lodge home. E.R. J. E. Farrell applied the match to the document which was held by P.E.R.'s Linus J. Moeller and Harry Marks, Past Pres. of the Ala. State Elks Assn. Mr. Farrell and his officers exemplified the Ritual in the initiation of a class of candidates.

The meeting was attended by practically the entire membership and a number of distinguished visiting Elks. State President Harry K. Reid and Past Pres. H. A. Elkourie, both of Birmingham, Past State Vice-Pres. A. E. Trayler, of Selma, and Captain Harold J. Arthur, of Burlington, Vt., Lodge, Past Pres. of the Vermont State Elks Assn., addressed the new members and welcomed them into the Order. An elaborate banquet was served after the lodge meeting.

Wisconsin Elks Present Juvenile Orthopedic Chairs to Hospitals

The Crippled Children's Commission of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, acting jointly with Sheboygan Lodge No. 299, has presented juvenile orthopedic chairs to three hospitals, one to Memorial Hospital, one to Plymouth and one to St. Nicholas. The presentation in each instance was made by Grand Trustee C. E. Broughton, of Sheboygan Lodge, a member of the State Crippled Children's Commission. Mr. Broughton was accompanied by a delegation of Sheboygan Elks among whom were Exalted Ruler Francis Hoekstra, Trustee A. J. Schmidler, and two members of the local lodge's crippled children's committee, Dr. L. F. Pauly and Dr. George J. Juckem.

At each of the hospitals children tried out the chairs, finding a great deal of pleasure in being able to glide along smoothly and see something of their quarters. Those who are able are permitted to ride through the children's section to visit other patients. The chairs are of steel and wood construction, with solid rubber tires. They are easily operated by even the smallest of children and are perfectly noiseless. This type of orthopedic equipment is no longer on the market, but the order was placed by the Elks months before delivery, and the presentations were made early in August.

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Sponsors An "Old Fur for Soldiers" Drive

A call from Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, for old fur coats, fur pieces, in fact, any articles with fur on them, to be made into fur vests and other garments for service men, met with a response that was truly remarkable. The tele-

phone rang constantly at headquarters which the lodge had established at the beginning of the campaign.

Furs donated were picked up by the Elks at designated places and sorted for salvaging and renovation. Chairman H. J. Purvin, assisted by an enthusiastic committee, was in charge of the drive.

Navy Officers Induct Hackensack, N. J., Lodge's Aviation Cadets

The "Jersey Skeeters", the first naval aviation group inducted in the State of New Jersey, became a part of the United States Navy at a ceremony held in the home of Hackensack Lodge No. 658. The 29 members of the group were sworn in by Lieutenant Commander J. Clement Boyd, U.S.N.R., assisted by Lieutenant T. Grant Caldwell, as aviation cadets in the Navy's V-5 flight training course. They were given their preliminary examinations by the Elks War Service Committee, headed by Chairman William L. Seubert, P.E.R. In a letter from Lieutenant Commander Albert F. Rice of the Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board, Third Naval District, the committee was praised for its fine work in organizing the squadron, and Mr. Seubert was notified that he had been appointed an associate member of the Board. V-5 recruiting will be continued by the lodge.

The induction ceremony climaxed the Navy Day celebration sponsored jointly by the local Chamber of Commerce and Hackensack Lodge of Elks. At a luncheon held in the lodge home, a testimonial was presented to the parents of a boy who lost his life in a naval encounter. War Bonds and Stamps were sold during the day, with Bond sales amounting to approximately \$60,000. A parade from the county court house to the lodge home preceded the evening program. The Cadets marched with those in the procession, including a delegation of Elks, naval officers, members of the Selection Board and Chamber of Commerce, and the Hackensack Victory Band. At the induction meeting, the "Jersey Skeeters" were officially adopted by the lodge as "sons", and Trustee Russell L. Binder, P.D.D., announced that a surprise gift from the lodge would be mailed within the week to each Cadet. John Borg, a commissioner of the Port of New York, was the principal speaker.

The name "Jersey Skeeters" was suggested by Lieutenant Commander Boyd, who is acting as their sponsor.

Mr. Sullivan Visits Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge on Special Occasion

Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan visited Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 621, on November 1, the 25th anniversary of the lodge's institution. The special patriotic meeting was opened with impressive ceremonies during which a roll of honor, containing the names of the 43 members of No. 621 in the U. S. Armed Forces, was unveiled by the Grand Exalted Ruler, P.D.D. Benjamin F. Feinberg, State Senator, delivered the annual Memorial Address.

Mr. Sullivan and his party were greeted at the railroad station by a large Elk delegation, led by the Mount Assumption Institute Band in full uniform. He spoke eloquently at the evening meeting and also at the testimonial dinner given for him afterward. The Honorable P. J. Tierney presided as Toastmaster. The Honorable Harry P. Kehoe was a speaker at the meeting. P.E.R. W. Edward Hudson was Chairman of the Arrangements Committee. Visiting Plattsburg Lodge for the double occasion were Elks from all parts of northern New York State and also from Vermont.

Local Elks Send "G" Boxes to All Rochester, N. H., Service Men

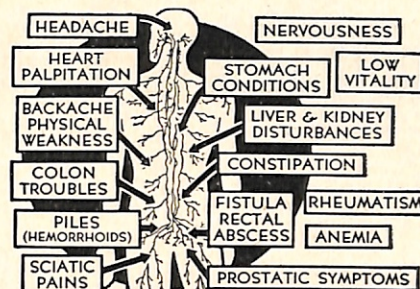
Rochester, N. H., Lodge, No. 1393, made its first shipment of Christmas Gift Boxes early enough to reach the service men to whom they were sent. Thirty-five of the one hundred and sixty-six boxes, prepared to meet special mailing specifications, went to members of the lodge, the rest to all of the Rochester men in the U. S. Armed Forces whose names were available at the time. More than five hundred "G" Boxes were filled with useful articles and several kinds of candy, to be mailed as more names were added to the list.

When the first "G" Boxes to brighten the Christmas season for their fellow members were being prepared, the Elks decided to send the same gifts to every other Rochester man in the Service. The call went out for names and more boxes were placed in the mails as the list grew from day to day.

GOOD NEWS

For Piles—Colon Sufferers

Learn facts about Rectal and Colon troubles; also associated ailments as indicated in the chart.



You may now have a copy of a new 122-page book by asking for it with a postcard or letter. No obligation so write today. The McCleary Clinic, C101 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snuggler that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. Inc.

KLUTCH CO., Box 3055-A, ELMIRA, N. Y.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE A DANGER SIGNAL

Often associated with Hardening of the Arteries, a Stroke, Paralysis, Heart Trouble, Kidney Disease, and other grave complications. Resultful treating methods of the Ball Clinic have proven dependable for nearly a quarter of a century. Send for FREE Blood Pressure Book—today. No obligation. Ball Clinic, Dept. 7160, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

"Facts about EPILEPSY"

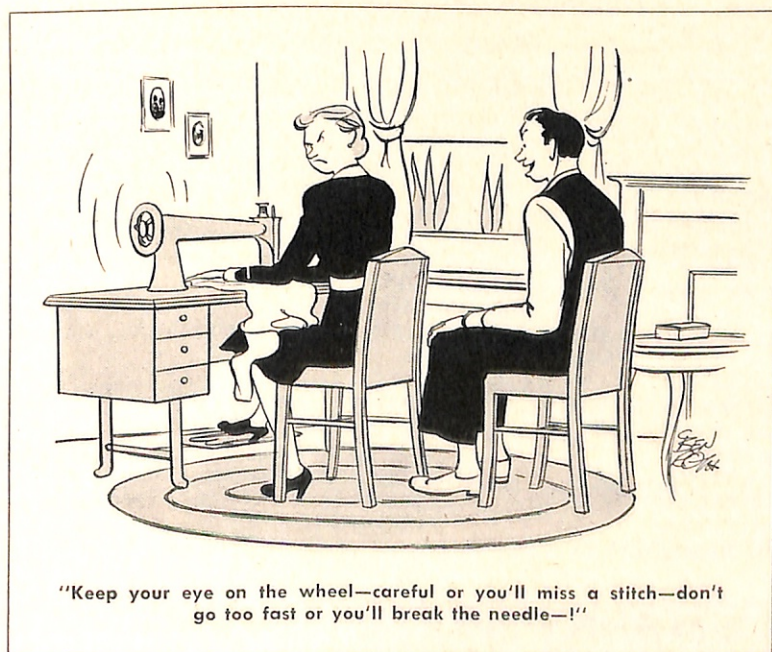
This most interesting and helpful Booklet will be mailed to anyone while the supply lasts. I will send a free copy to anyone who writes for it.

C. M. SIMPSON

Address Dept. U-8, 1840 W. 44th St., Cleveland, Ohio

AN OPPORTUNITY

If you are one of the thousands who read this copy of THE ELKS MAGAZINE but do not Subscribe regularly—Send us your order, with \$2.00 enclosed and we'll enter your Subscription for the next 12 months. Gift Subscriptions may also be sent at this same rate. All orders should be addressed to Circulation Department, The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.



Elks National Foundation SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST



THE Elks National Foundation Trustees announce that Twenty-Five Hundred Dollars in scholarship awards will be distributed at the 1943 Grand Lodge Convention. This nation-wide contest for the "Most Valuable Student" prize awards is of interest to the students of every community, who are leaders in their respective schools and colleges. For the past nine years our awards have made it possible for many superior young students to continue their college courses under favorable circumstances. The prizes offered this year are as follows:

First Prize	\$600
Second Prize	500
Third Prize	400
Fourth Prize	300
Fifth Prize	200
Five Honorable Mention awards of \$100 each	500

Eligibility

Any student in the senior or graduating class of a high or preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of a recognized college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order, may enter this contest.

Merit Standards

Scholarship, citizenship, personality, leadership, perseverance, resourcefulness, patriotism, exceptional courage and any notable action or distinguishing accomplishment are the criteria by which the applicants will be judged.

Applications

The Foundation Trustees do not furnish application blanks nor do they insist upon any special form of application or presentation. They prefer that each applicant use his own ingenuity in presenting his case. Experience has shown that the interests of the applicant are advanced and the time of the Trustees is conserved by neat, orderly, concise, direct and chronological presentation on paper approximately 8½ x 11 (the usual business letter size) bound in the form of a brief or prospectus. Neat heavy paper bindings can be procured at any stationery store.

We suggest as essential details the following, preferably in the order indicated:

1. Recent photograph of applicant. (Not a snapshot.)
2. A statement of not more than 300 words prepared by the applicant in his own handwriting, giving name, address, age and place of birth, and presenting reasons which applicant thinks entitle him to one of the awards.
3. A letter of not over 200 words from a parent or guardian, stating size of family, financial condition and other facts showing applicant's need of financial assistance to continue in school.

4. A concise statement of applicant's educational history from first year of high or preparatory school to the date of application, supported by school certificates signed by the proper school authority showing the courses taken, the grades received and the standing of the applicant with relation to other students in the class.

5. A comprehensive letter of recommendation covering character, personality and scholarship of applicant from at least one person in authority in each school.

6. Two or three comprehensive letters of endorsement from responsible persons, not related to applicant, who have had an opportunity personally to observe applicant and who can give worth-while opinion of the character, industry, purposefulness, disposition and general worthiness of applicant.

7. A letter of endorsement signed by the Exalted Ruler or Secretary of the subordinate lodge in the jurisdiction of which the applicant is resident.

8. Remove all letters from envelopes and bind the letters flat.

9. Exhibits evidencing notable achievements in dramatics, literature, leadership, athletics or other activities may be attached, but applicant should avoid submitting repetitious accounts of the same aptitude.

Only students of outstanding merit, who show a high appreciation of the value of an education and who are willing to struggle to achieve success, have a chance to win our awards. Experience indicates that a scholarship rating of B plus or better and a relative standing in the upper ten percent of the applicant's class are necessary to make the group that will be given final consideration for the prizes.

The application must be filed on or before March 1, 1943, with the Secretary of the State Elks Association in the State in which the applicant is resident, in order that it may be passed upon and, if approved, come in with the quota of applications from that State and be received by Chairman John F. Malley, 15 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts, not later than April 1, 1943.

The officers of the subordinate lodges are requested to give notice of this contest to the principals of the high and preparatory schools and the deans of the colleges in their vicinity, and to cause this announcement to be published in the lodge bulletin.

All communications with respect to the applications subsequent to April 1, 1943, should be addressed to Chairman Malley.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

John F. Malley, Chairman
Raymond Benjamin, Vice Chairman
Floyd E. Thompson, Secretary
James G. McFarland, Treasurer
Edward Rightor
Charles H. Grakelow
Murray Hulbert

CONTEST ENDS APRIL 1 1943

Commuters' Special, 1943



America makes the best of everything!

Making the best of a situation is the great American trait. Offering the best of whiskies...Schenley Royal Reserve...is the great American gesture. And buying War Bonds is the great American privilege. Buy War Bonds regularly.

Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y. C.





THERE SHE GOES! 2,000 feet over Hartford, Conn., a 24-year-old veteran of the "silk" is making the first jump test of a new nylon parachute. Watch as she pulls the rip-cord—



IT OPENS! It holds! It's okay! And so is test-jumper Adeline Gray as she floats earthward to the approval and applause of special observers from the Army and the Navy.



A PERFECT LANDING—and now for a Camel. That's the pack that says smoking pleasure at its best. And when Adeline Gray says: "Camels suit me to a 'T,'" she's talking a language any smoker can understand.

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is CAMEL. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

Watch ADELINE GRAY
try Uncle Sam's new
nylon 'chute in its first

"Live Test"

That's the
proving ground
of a parachute—just
as the "T-Zone" is the
proving ground of your
cigarette (see below)

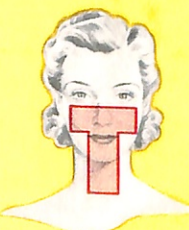
● You can test them in wind tunnels—you can toss them out with weighted dummies—but the final test of a parachute is the "live test"—an actual jump.

And it's like that with a cigarette, too. The final test is when you smoke it.

Adeline Gray (*below*) says: "Camels are never harsh on my throat." Many a man at the front could tell you the same—Camels are the favorite there, too. But try Camels on *your* "T-Zone."



**TASTE
AND THROAT** THAT'S MY
TEST OF A CIGARETTE.
AND THE BRAND
FOR ME IS **CAMEL**.
THEY'RE GRAND!



THE "T-ZONE"
where cigarettes
are judged

The "T-ZONE" Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Camel